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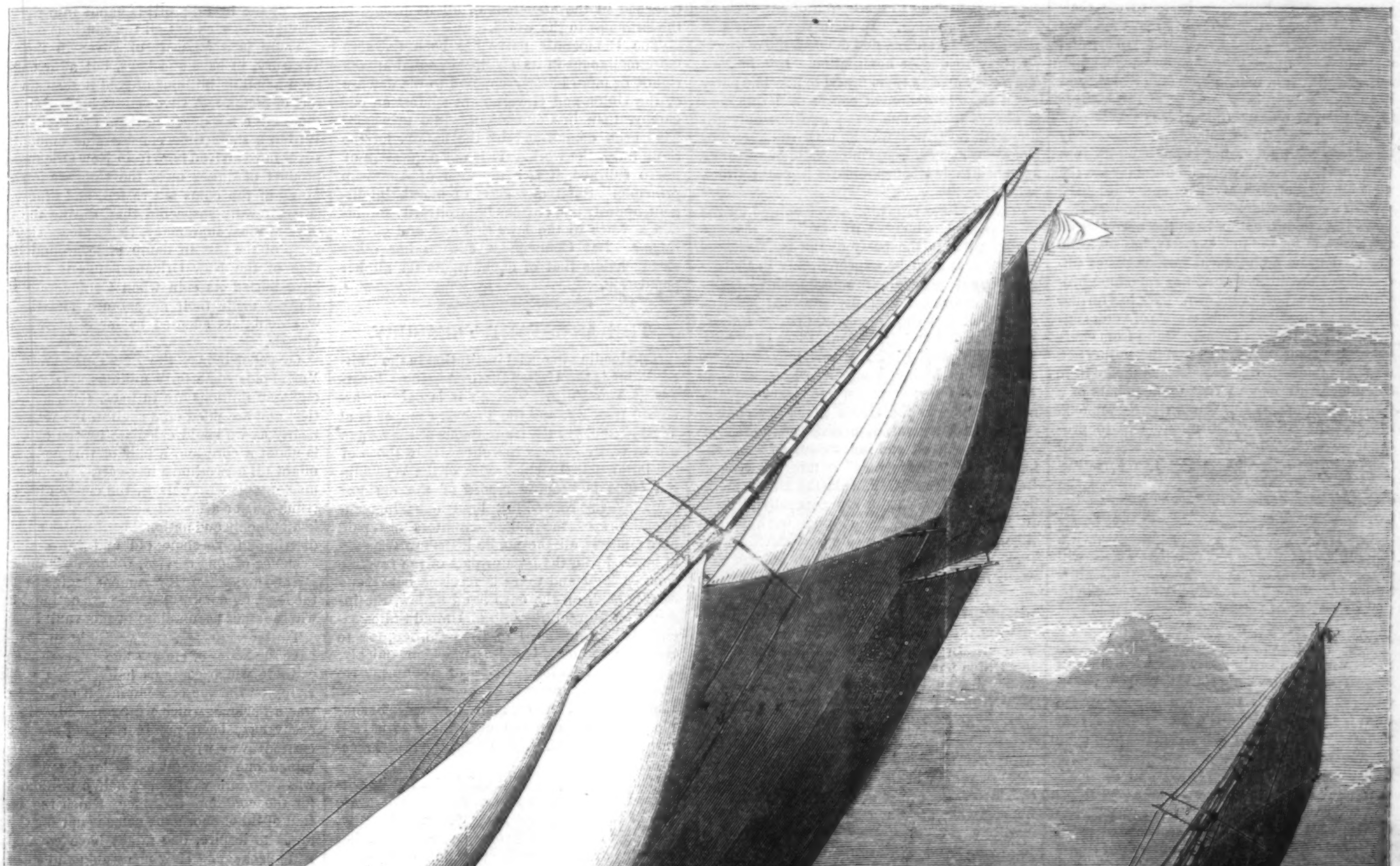
THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

THE race between the rival yachts *Fleetwing* and *Henrietta* began on the 11th instant. At a little after 8 o'clock in the morning the yachts started from the lightship off Sandy Hook and were soon out of sight. The *Henrietta* led the race under a slight southeast wind, while the *Fleetwing* was rather to the windward. At first the breeze freshened, but it subsequently died completely away. The weather throughout the voyage was very fickle, and the contest proved to be what is called a "drifting" race, and was thus deprived of much of the interest which would have belonged to it under other circumstances. Wednesday at noon the *Fleetwing* passed the lightship on its return an hour before the *Henrietta*. The former vessel was therefore declared the winner, though the voyage is by no means regarded as a decisive proof of the sailing qualities of either vessel.

The *Fleetwing* was docked off Hunter's Point. She has just been built, and is owned by Mr. G. A. OSGOOD, son-in-law of Commodore VANDERBILT. Her length is 106 feet, beam 24 feet, and depth of hold 10 feet, with a tonnage of about 200 tons. The *Henrietta*, owned by Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JUN., has less length of bottom, and her entrance is not so sharp. Her appearance is strongly suggestive of strength and endurance. She was built three years since, but has recently been improved.

THE TURNER FESTIVAL IN CINCINNATI.

THE *Turnvereine*, or *Turner-Bund*, was first established in Prussia in 1810. In 1848 the first society was formed in New York, and thence the organization spread through the country. It holds an annual meeting or congress, in which measures necessary to its maintenance and welfare are adopted. This year the convention met at Cincinnati. Delegates were present from every part of the country to the number of about 900. We print on pages 620 and 621 two engravings illustrating the festival of September 4 at Cincinnati. The amusements indulged in were those customary among Germans. Of course there was plenty of Rhine wine and lager-bier. Excursions were made to pleasant localities in the vicinity. Best of all, there was a concert in the evening at Mozart Hall. The vocal and instrumental music was of the highest order and well rendered, receiving encore throughout. The gymnastic exercises were such as can only be presented to the public by the Turners; a patient and tireless energy is required to acquire the steadiness of nerve



Fleetwing. Henrietta.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE BETWEEN THE "FLEETWING" AND THE "HENRIETTA."

and limb without which the pyramids and tableaux are next to impossible. It was one of those rare treats which only occasions of this kind present, and every body was delighted with the entertainment.

The scene at Parker's Grove, which furnishes the subject of one of our illustrations, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"The sun was scarcely penetrating the leafy foliage of the trees when the spot became a scene of life and activity. Men with badges, to show they were in authority; men in their shirt sleeves, to denote that they meant business; women with babies in their arms, and others with none; more coming every moment, and all the bustle of camp life in every quarter. Some selected for themselves shady spots beneath the green trees; others mounted the swings; 'Go-laddies' began to revolve and carry around their human freight; and in all quarters the continually-increasing community seemed determined to give themselves up to enjoyment. Of all the means devised to try the muscle or break the neck, or expand the chest, or sprain the back, we have little or nothing to say. We know but little about them, and at our advanced age do not feel that it is necessary for us to begin just now for any new development of our manhood; at least, we shall not attempt it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT'S EXPERIMENT.

WE elsewhere call attention to a remarkable speech of General JOHN A. LOGAN'S in Jacksonville, Illinois. The General says that the policy of reconstruction adopted by the Administration is an experiment, and that it is the duty of all good citizens to stand heartily by the President until it is proved a failure.

That is precisely the ground which a true Conservatism now occupies. The Democratic Conventions, in breathless haste to eat their own words of the last few years, vociferate their adherence to the President's policy, and amiable poets of the morning press behold vast hosts of Jacobins marshaling under blood-red banners to oppose it. But as the President is merely trying an experiment, it is rather premature vehemently to support or rancorously to oppose his policy; nor is any country in a very "parlous state" when its Jacobins are the most intelligent, conservative, and substantial part of its population.

The President, acting from the necessity of the case and for the public safety, has set aside the civil officers elected in various States under their Constitutions, and has appointed provisional Governors of his own. He has further prohibited thirteen certain classes of voters under the Constitutions of those States from exercising the right of suffrage, and has authorized a certain number, who are also qualified by the State Constitutions, to vote for members of a Convention. This Convention is to remodel the existing State Constitutions, and to proceed, under them, to elect State officers and representatives in Congress. The Constitutions and, by consequence, the validity of the officers elected, are to be submitted to the Government for approval. In the President's words, the Convention is "to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor, and the people to protection by the United States against invasion, insurrection, and domestic violence."

This is all that the President has done. This is his whole policy thus far. It is, as General LOGAN says, "an experiment." The President virtually says to certain persons in the States, "See what you can do. Suggest your plan." But he does not say that the plan shall be adopted. He does not promise that the Constitution shall be approved and the elections under it legitimated. The very object he has in view is to try the temper of the class of the population which he selects, to prove whether the local political power of the States may be safely confided to them. Nor does he assume finally to decide so vital a question. He leaves it, where it belongs, to the nation itself, to the representatives of the people.

The Democratic resolutions and the amiable chatter about opposition assume that it is not an experiment: that the President has declared the Constitution framed by the voters he has selected, and the elections held under it, to be the law without further process or approval. This is exactly what he has not done, and could have no pretense of authority for doing. If he had done it, if he had said that a certain class of persons in the States named by him should elect a convention, that that convention should frame a Constitution, that the elections should be held under the Constitution, and that thereupon the State should be recognized as having resumed all its relations in the Union, and its Representatives and Senators should be admitted to Congress as a matter of course, then, indeed, he would have laid down a policy, and the whole country would have crackled in opposition to it.

But the President is much too sagacious a man to have declared within less than two months after the surrender of LEE that a Constitution for South Carolina such as Mayor MACBETH or WADE HAMPTON might devise should be accepted by the loyal people of the United States. He said, simply, "Let us find out where we are. If Mayor MACBETH and WADE HAMPTON should happen to be wise, so much the better. There is no harm in trying. If they are not wise, we can try again."

Thus far the President is merely trying an experiment, and whether we think the principles upon which it proceeds promise success or failure, we ought loyally and patiently to await the event. So says General LOGAN; so says Maine; so says Vermont; so says California; so say we all.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE autumn elections in Maine, Vermont, and California show little sign of that great and sweeping reaction against the Union party of which there have been so many dismal forebodings. Indeed, upon a smaller vote, the Union majority is proportionately larger than it was last year.

The reason is plain. In the utter wreck of its hopes, prophecies, and policies, the Democratic party has been engaged all the autumn, from Maine to Iowa, in coming as near to the Union party and its principles as possible, but with very various result. In Maine the effort was laudable. In Pennsylvania the old currents were too strong, and the Convention was like a congregation of dead men solemnly affirming obsolete falsehoods. In New Jersey the result was characteristic. The Copperhead gentlemen, who knew that the war had settled their position unless they assumed an acquiescence in it, said as much as they dared to show that their sympathies were still with the rebellion, and then nominated—since there was no escape—the least warlike of warriors, who immediately atoned for his error in having been for a short time a soldier by a ribald speech, appealing to the hatred of one class of citizens for another. In Ohio VALLANDIGHAM ruled the Convention, and doomed the distracted party to deeper humiliation. But in New York they made a clean breast of it. The party faced straight about, of course declaring that it always looked one way; and not only announced doctrines which, with some exceptions, are agreeable to Union men, but actually snatched their chief candidates from the Union ranks.

This was the crowning proof offered by the most sagacious body of its opponents that the Union party is the party of the country, and that success is to be expected only in the degree that its principles are professed.

Yet notwithstanding this amusing revelation of the fact that the Democratic party is utterly confounded and discordant, there have been those who prophesied a great Democratic reaction. In Maine, however, where, next to New York, the recantation was most complete, the event shows the Union ranks firmer than ever. In Vermont, a model community of sober, intelligent, and industrious citizens, the humbug of "Democracy" is utterly exposed. In the counties of California the Union members of the Legislature are generally elected. In New Jersey the Union men work with a cheerful vigor and a resolution which no reverse can daunt, which will soon redeem that State from its long subservience to a narrow and inhuman policy. In Ohio, the Union party will gladly show again its overwhelming scorn of VALLANDIGHAM and the doctrines of the rebellion. In Pennsylvania nothing can defeat the Union party but its own intestine quarrels, which are unhappily very bitter. And if in New York the Albany ticket should be elected, instead of proving a Democratic reaction, it will establish the truth that the party of that name has no chance whatever except in the total surrender of the Democratic platform.

Meanwhile every voter will naturally ask himself what is gained by deserting an organization which has always held those principles from conviction for an organization which has steadily derided them until the war put them beyond question? Or, granting the sincerity of the Democratic conversion, conceding that the leopard has changed its spots, why should the veterans of long and victorious campaigns be discarded for the raw recruits of yesterday? The Democratic syren may sing, but we doubt if she can persuade ANDREW JOHNSON to go down to posterity as the yoke-fellow of JOHN TYLER.

THE "STEADY HABIT" OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE Constitution of the State of Connecticut disqualifies all colored citizens from voting. They may be intelligent, moral, and industrious. They may be the most worthy and exemplary and useful citizens. But the most exemplary, the most industrious, the most valuable of them is considered by the Constitution of the State not to be the political equal of the most worthless white citizen whose death or removal would be a blessing to the State.

The Union party propose to remove this anomaly of the Constitution by an amendment. The Democratic party, which is the steady foe of intelligence and progressive civilization, opposes the amendment. There could be no fairer illustration of the tendency and true character of the two parties.

We hope any Connecticut man whose eyes may light upon this paragraph will remember that the question upon which he is to vote is the most fundamental one in the country. Do you believe the Declaration of Independence? Do you believe that men are created with equal rights, and that it is bad policy as well as immoral to deprive them of those rights arbitrarily? Connecticut is asked whether she will disown ROGER SHERMAN and OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

The Constitution of Connecticut allows any man to vote who is native or has been properly naturalized, of good moral character, and of ability to read. But it forbids all who conform to those conditions to vote, if they are colored. Can there be any reason whatever for such exclusion, except a prejudice, and a prejudice which is not surprising in the stews of a great city, but is totally unworthy the homes of a great State? If the colored citizens own property are they not taxed? And does an American unblushingly own that he refuses an intelligent man who is taxed a voice in making the laws?

It is idle to say that the colored men are an ignorant, worthless class. The Constitution requires education and morality, and if the colored citizens are ignorant and worthless they can not vote. It is equally foolish to urge that women are disqualified, and why not any other class of citizens? Such an argument justifies the closest oligarchy, and denies that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed. The arbitrary disqualification of any class whatever menaces the peace of the whole community. Would Connecticut disqualify all the educated and moral men of her population who are over sixty years of age? The government which from its manifest justice is intrenched in the affections of all its people is the strongest in the world.

The Democratic party has been nowhere more malignant in its hostility to equal human rights, or more bitterly opposed to the defense of the Union and Government against an oligarchy, than in Connecticut. Its principles have been demolished by the nation, let the State finish the work. It is not a question of negro suffrage, it is a question of American principle. Shall any class of moral, intelligent, industrious citizens be arbitrarily forbidden a voice in the laws that tax and govern them? Let Connecticut add to her other steady habits that of equal rights for all her population.

THE ASSISTANT TREASURY.

THE leading financial institution in the United States is the United States Assistant Treasury at New York. Though it is only an assistant treasury, and the Treasury proper is at Washington, yet the transactions of the former are so vastly greater in volume than those of the latter that the chief work of the Washington office is keeping record of the business done by its New York branch. Nineteen-twentieths of the public creditors are paid here; nearly all the public loans are disposed of here; by far the greater part of the revenue from customs and taxes is received here; and here is paid, on the days fixed by law, the interest on $2,000,000,000 of United States securities. A business of from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 daily is done here—done quickly, quietly, and without errors or disputes. No institution in the city is better worth inspection than the Sub-Treasury; and be it said, in simple justice, no man is more willing to have it inspected than Mr. VAN DYCK, the Sub-Treasurer.

The vaults are a sight which can not be witnessed elsewhere in this country. There are two of them; but one is comparatively empty, as it only holds some $10,000,000. The other contains over sixty millions of dollars, one half in coin, the other half in paper. How many readers have ever seen a million dollars in paper or in gold? We remember one of the oldest of our Judges, a man of large experience and profound wisdom, interrupting a party of talkers, who were chattering about millions of gold, with the naïve questions:

"How big is a million of gold? Would it rest on this table? Would it go under this chair? How many men would it take to carry it? What does it look like?"

His Honor might have gratified his curiosity by a visit to the Sub-Treasury. There thirty millions of gold lie dormant, awaiting the resurrection of specie payments. They are put up in bags containing $5000 each, and weighing say 45 pounds. These bags are piled one upon another in closets, which line the inner wall of the vault: a hundred bags fill a closet. When filled the door is closed, locked, and sealed with the cashier's seal; a ticket attached specifies that in that dark and narrow hole $500,000 in gold lie hidden. Fifty or more such closets may be seen, duly closed, locked, and sealed. But in that vault, whose wealth far outshines the wildest fables of Oriental story, bags of gold lie around in every corner. You kick one as you enter. Others rest on trucks waiting sepulture in the closets. They are so plentiful, and so seemingly despised by the officials who handle them, that insensibly the spectator loses his respect for them, and forgets that the possession of a few such bags would realize his life-long dream of material prosperity.

These bags are the product of customs' duties. Every day, between 3 and 4 o'clock, a little hand-cart, ark-shaped, painted red, covered over, and locked, may be seen traveling up Wall Street, propelled by two stout men, and wending its way from the Custom-house to the Sub-Treasury. There are but two men ostensibly engaged in pushing the little red cart. But a careful observer may discover two other men, likewise stout and very watchful, who lounge up the sidewalk on a parallel line. They look as if they carried revolvers. In these days, when the customs' duties are heavy, the little red ark sometimes contains $750,000—a prize worth the attention of robbers. But it is never attacked. When it reaches the Sub-Treasury it is unlocked, and the bags handed in. Each bag is then counted by the Sub-Treasurer's clerks. They count with both hands, and with a rapidity and accuracy truly wonderful. They seem to possess a sort of instinct, the product of long experience, which enables them to discover a false coin at a glance. Pieces which have been split open, the insides filed out, the cavity filled with iridium, the two halves soldered together, and remilled on the edges, are so like genuine coins that the best judges are often deceived by them. They weigh precisely the same as genuine coins. They are precisely the right size. They have the ring of pure gold. Their external surface throughout is gold. Yet these counterfeits are detected at a glance by the experienced clerks of the Treasury. It used to be said of Mr. E. H. BIRDSALL, the present Cashier, that when he was a clerk he could, in emptying a $5000 bag, at the first dip of his hands into the glittering mass, pick out all the spurious coins.

There is a quantity of silver in the Sub-Treasury, in bags and kegs, but after one has been handling millions of gold it seems a poor sort of metal. A silver closet holds $40,000; there are a few dozen of them full to repletion. Within a short time considerable amounts of silver have arrived here from New Orleans—the product of duties or of the Confiscation Act. Many of the coins are rusted, and dingy, and it is shrewdly suspected that, during the dark days of rebel supremacy, these pieces slept the sleep of the just in damp underground holes. One of the New Orleans banks is known to have buried its coin when Confederate shinplasters made their appearance, and the plan was doubtless adopted by many private individuals.

Of paper-money the Sub-Treasury in New York holds some forty millions. Of this over eighteen millions are in fives, tens, and twenties, and are piled on a shelf in the vault. As nearly as we could calculate by the eye, there is about a cord and a half of this money. It might fill a two-horse hay-cart. When a paymaster calls with a draft, the clerks give him a trunk-full or a bushel basket. The notes are legal tenders and national bank-notes mixed indiscriminately—some old and worn, showing evidence of long service, others new and crisp. By-and-by, when Government begins to call in the legal tenders, woe betide the national banks whose issues accumulate in this vault!

The larger notes, $100's, $500's, and $1000's, have the honor of closet room. There is a closet there which contains half-a-dozen millions. Lying on the top of a mountain of these notes was a package which we examined. It could easily have been put in the coat pocket and carried away without inconvenience. It contained one thousand $500 legal tenders, and was therefore worth just half a million. But for the contempt for money which the inspection of these enormous sums is apt for the moment to inspire, one might have coveted this little package. How many able and successful men toil for a lifetime in the hope of acquiring just such a parcel!

But, if you are going to steal, gentle reader, let us recommend coupons as the most convenient article to "convey." Seven-Thirty coupons are so small that you can easily put $50,000 worth in your waistcoat pocket, and as to Ten-Forty coupons, a pinch of them, between finger and thumb, is a small fortune. These little bits of paper, no bigger than apothecary's labels, or half the size of a five cent in fractional currency, represent sums varying from $25 in gold to $365 in currency. As interest-day comes round they pour in from all quarters—from the far West and the lately rebellious South; from Germany and Holland; from crowned heads in Europe and from industrious washer-women in this country. To examine and sort these little bits of paper is no slight task. One of the richest men in New York is said to keep his daughters, married and single, busy cutting off coupons for a whole afternoon and evening before interest-day; when the cutting is done the eldest daughter herself sweeps out the room to intercept waifs and estrays. Over $125,000,000 are disbursed annually at the New York Sub-Treasury in payment of such coupons.

The vaults of the Sub-Treasury may really be said to defy burglars. In the first place they are built on thirty-five feet of solid masonry, so that digging under them and work-

ing by a tunnel to the floor would be impracticable. Then, they stand in the main hall of the Treasury building, in which a watch is always kept, and into which it would require no small labor to intrude after nightfall. The vaults themselves are iron chambers, with iron floors, roofs, and walls. The latter are two feet thick, and hollow; the hollow being filled with musket-balls, which defy the burglar's drill. Four doors, of massive iron, close the entrance to the vault; each door is locked with two locks, so that eight different keys of peculiar mechanism are required to open sesame. Uncle Samuel, poor fellow! is not likely to be robbed at this office, however he may fare elsewhere.

We remember the Sub-Treasury when Mr. CISCO was first appointed its chief, in two rooms of the Assay Building—a quiet, retired establishment, in which nobody spoke above a whisper, and a few clerks leisurely counted their gold, and demurely paid the salary of the President and other public functionaries. People went there to chat with the Sub-Treasurer, a man of leisure and considerable information, and twice a year called to collect their interest. It was so slow and so old-fogy an institution that even the small Wall Street bankers used to laugh at it.

In these days the Sub-Treasurer at New York has his grip on the throat of nearly all the bankers in the country, and we notice that none of them are disposed even to smile when the name of Mr. VAN DYCK is mentioned.

GENERAL SLOCUM'S ORDER.

THE order of General SLOCUM overruling the late action of Governor SHARKEY, of Mississippi, is full of interest. The General says that Mississippi was one of the first and fiercest of the rebel States and has submitted from exhaustion, and that the United States earnestly desire to restore it to its former position. The duty of keeping order devolves upon the military force, and the opposition to the laws defining the rights of freedmen is so strong in many parts of the State that the duties of the military are very delicate and difficult, but that he has endeavored to be as conciliatory as possible.

Thereupon, says General SLOCUM, the provisional Governor, without consultation with the United States military commander, proceeds to arm and organize a force in every county, urging "the young men of the State, who have so distinguished themselves for gallantry," to respond to his call—meaning thereby, says the General, those who have "scarcely laid down the arms with which they have been opposing our Government." This force, he adds, would be larger than his own, and would inevitably provoke collisions with the colored troops. "It is to be hoped," says General SLOCUM, "that the day will soon come when the young men called upon by Governor SHARKEY and the colored men now serving the United States will zealously co-operate for the preservation of order and the promotion of the interests of the State and nation." But arming at this time the young men of the State will not hasten the day when the United States forces can be removed.

General SLOCUM says that the outrages are committed upon Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people. Southerners halted by the outlaws are allowed to escape upon stating that fact, and then they refuse to say who stopped them; and Governor SHARKEY suggests the arming of these very people as a remedy against disorder. Therefore the General orders that no such arming be allowed, and that all persons who have information of outlaws and refuse to give it shall be arrested and held for trial.

Thereupon Governor SHARKEY appealed to the President, who revoked the order of General SLOCUM; and the Albany Convention resolved vehemently to support the President, and nominated General SLOCUM for Secretary of State.

"SOUTHERN RIGHTS."

WE are glad that a numerous delegation of gentlemen from the unorganized States lately called upon the President, and we hope that many more will call. It is right and wise that they should acquaint themselves personally with his views, and by actual conversation and observation learn the spirit of loyal citizens. They will nowhere discover an unreasonable nor an unforgiving temper. They will find that all good citizens understand the difficulties of the situation. They will encounter nothing but satisfaction at the result of the war, and a very decided determination—in which we trust those gentlemen share—to avoid, as far as possible, all unpleasant possibilities of future trouble.

But it is very desirable that certain misapprehensions and false traditions should be set aside at once. The late delegation from nine States was introduced to the President by Mr. M'FARLAND, of Virginia. The gentlemen composing it were, as we understand, lately in arms, and upon principle, against the Union and Constitution. Yet Mr. M'FARLAND gravely remarked that they were as earnest and faithful to the Union and Government as in the past. Now if they were honest rebels they believed in State sovereignty, and consequently could never be faithful to the Union and Constitution, in the sense of fidelity which the war has established. If they mean to be fully loyal now, we are delighted to hear it. But we certainly do not wish to hear that they propose to be only as loyal as they were before.

The same gentleman concluded his speech by saying that they were sure the President intended "to maintain Southern rights in the Union." This is one of those perilous follies which, if the war has not annihilated, the war will have to be fought over again. We wish the President had said to them—"Gentlemen, there *are* no Southern rights, nor Western rights, nor Eastern rights, nor Northern rights in the Union. There are no sectional rights whatever. As President, I know no other rights than those of the people of the United States who formed the Union. I shall maintain no Southern or Northern rights; but I promise you to defend to the last the rights of every citizen in the land."

Suppose that the delegations from Indiana and Illinois which waited upon the President after his elevation in April had told him that they depended upon him to maintain Western rights in the Union; and the delegations from New England had spoken a good word for Eastern rights, we trust the President would have made a reply similar to the one we have indicated.

The phrase "Southern Rights" is too suggestive of the cry that preceded the rebellion to be very becoming in the mouths of gentlemen who took part in it. The main interest of the country at present is the rights of the United States. If delegations from the unorganized States come to express their loyalty to those rights and their sincere desire to secure them, they will be more welcome to the country than if they come to repeat the falsehoods and follies which plunged us into war. Mr. M'FARLAND and his delegation should remember that their country is not "the South," nor Virginia, nor Georgia. It is the United States. Remembering that, let them talk accordingly, and they will find only kind and willing listeners.

DR. DRAPER'S NEW WORK.

"THOUGHTS on the Future Civil Policy of America" is the title of the new work by Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER, just published by the HARPERS, and it is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to our political literature. Its aim is twofold: first, to show that our future development must be determined by certain absolute scientific laws, which may be ascertained and applied; and second, to show what some of those laws are.

No service can be greater or more patriotic than proving to the American people, who have been dazzled and demoralized by a vast and swift material progress and prosperity, and whose constant tendency, arising from their situation and the necessities of their condition, is to superficial study and moral indifference, that there are laws as inexorable as that of sunrise which always have and will regulate their civilization. Dr. DRAPER'S mind inclines to the contemplation of the physical laws, not as superseding the force of ideas, but as determining the conditions under which intellectual development is practicable. "Philosophical conceptions of the historical progress of humanity," he says, "must not be altogether of a material kind......Ideas force humanity forward though Nature has prepared the path along which the course must be run." And he illustrates "the impelling and resisting power of ideas" in the Mohammedan conquests and the Jewish tenacity, in one of the most brilliant and fascinating chapters of his work.

Scientific study of man, the natural world, and history, has revealed to us, according to Dr. DRAPER, certain laws which determine both the physical character of the globe and the political, moral, and social development of its inhabitants. The chief motive power of civilization, as of vegetation and the origin of races, he finds ultimately in heat. He inquires into the effect of climate upon the physical and intellectual powers of man; upon his locomotion or emigration and its consequences. He proceeds in this light to investigate the political force of ideas and of the natural course of national development—and with a delightful copiousness of knowledge and felicity of illustration. The concise form in which he treats a subject so comprehensive compels him sometimes to a provoking rapidity, which results in a fragmentary and a little incoherent method, and the book must be faithfully read if the reader would not lose the thread. But it so sparkles with the most striking and interesting facts, and its scope is so captivating that whoever reads it at all will be very sure to read it thoroughly.

The student will find in this work, as in the author's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," an occasional tendency to what seems fancifulness of theory. It is not doubtful that civilization proceeds by law. It is not impossible to indicate the necessary influence of well-ascertained laws. But it is certainly a question whether the accumulation of accurate facts and the knowledge of laws are not still insufficient for bold and precise generalizations and a complete theory of civilization and philosophy of history. But such a doubt does not touch the intrinsic value of this work. The author has done a signal service to the wisest thought and best statesmanship of the country.

His scientific exposition of the character of secession, for instance, is original and impressive. Coherent secession, so to speak, is a trait of the lowest plants, of the most primitive vegetation. "They may be cut to pieces, and, as we have just observed, each portion is as good, as perfect as the rest. Each individually and all conjointly are very low." As growth proceeds there is every where a tendency to concentration of power. "I turn from the hideous contemplation of a disorganization of the Republic, each State, and county, and town setting up for itself, and the continent swarming with the maggots bred from the dead body politic. I turn from that to a future I see in prospect—an imperial race organizing its intellect, concentrating it, and voluntarily submitting to be controlled by its reason; a race despising that low grade of life into which its enemies have tauntingly said that it has descended, and that, like certain base animals, it may be spontaneously dissevered into a multitude of parts, each being as good as any of the rest, and capable of the same obscene separations again."

The beautiful paper, noble type, and neat, solid binding which the publishers have given the work, making one of the handsomest library volumes, are worthy its excellence.

NAMES AND THINGS.

IF the word Democracy means any thing, does it not mean just this:

"*Resolved*—That the spirit of our institutions requires that the measure of a man's political rights should be neither his religion, his birth-place, his race, his color, nor any merely physical characteristic; and that it would be subversive both of the form and spirit of our institutions to permit any portion of our population to be degraded into a subject caste, taxed to support and compelled to obey a Government in which they have no voice, and whose whole machinery may be directed to their destruction."

That is a resolution of the Minnesota Union Convention. Yet that is the very thing which the Democratic party most lustily opposes and vigorously denies. Upon the whole a Tory is a little meaner when he calls himself a Whig; and Aristocracy is rather more contemptible when it calls itself Democracy.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"*Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"DEAR SIR,—Am I to understand from your paper that you do *not* think that the people of a State ought to govern it? Respectfully yours,

"A VIRGINIA UNIONIST."

On the contrary, we have always steadily urged that the people are the only true source of political power, and that if any political community—like that of Georgia, for instance—has fallen by rebellion, or war, or by any circumstances whatever, into such a condition that it must be reorganized, we hold that the reorganization should be intrusted to the people of the State, and that the United States, by whose authority and for whose greater security the State is to be reorganized, should decide whether the reorganization is satisfactory.

But we do not hold that a minority of the population of the State is the people; nor that a government formed by a class of the people, to the exclusion of other classes, resulting in an oligarchy, is that republican form of government which Congress is bound to secure to every State. In brief, we believe with the Bill of Rights of the State of Virginia, adopted in 1776—a very good year to date from—and since then forming a part of every Constitution of Virginia, "that all elections ought to be free, and that all men having sufficient evidence of common interest with and attachment to the community have the right of suffrage, and can not be taxed or deprived of their property for public uses without their own consent or that of their representatives so elected, nor bound by any law to which they have not in like manner assented for the public good." The Bill of Rights of almost every Southern State claims the suffrage as the natural and legal right of every freeman. Their Constitutions, indeed, insert the word white when naming the qualifications. That of Georgia, however, prescribes simply that the voter must be "a citizen and an inhabitant."

The spirit of these Bills of Rights we take to be the true American and Republican and Constitutional view of the situation. That qualifications of education may, under certain circumstances, be wisely required, we do not deny; but in such cases the requirement is to be universal, and not limited to a class. There are other circumstances in which we think education need not be required as a qualification.

This is a plain answer to a plain question; and now, will any Virginia, or Georgia, or Carolina Unionist as plainly tell us, whether he believes it to be republican or democratic or wise to give the political power of a State to a minority of the male adults, and allow them at their pleasure to doom a majority to ignorance, to invalidate their marriages, to refuse their testimony in courts, to disable them as real estate holders, to forbid them the freedom of the public highways except with passes, and to banish them all from the State? Especially is this wise, when the minority enjoy their power only by the consent of the United States which they are still sullen with the baffled effort to destroy, and who disable and disqualify the majority, or, as the case may be, an immensely numerous class of freemen, because they have been unfalteringly true to the United States?

GENERAL LOGAN UPON REORGANIZATION.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, the old leader of the DOUGLAS Democrats in Illinois, and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the war, lately made a speech at Jacksonville, Illinois, reviewing the events of the last four years:

"With reference to the reconstruction policy pursued by the Government, he said that it was but an experiment, and so long as there was any hope of its success he would yield a hearty support to the President. He confessed, however, that he had his doubts as to the wisdom of pardoning arch rebels by the wholesale. He thought it better to wait and test the sincerity of their repentance. He was opposed to the restoration of the rights of citizenship to men whose skirts had hardly been cleansed of the defilement of treason, and whose fingers were yet dripping with the blood of the martyrs of the Union. He would wait and see whether they brought forth fruit meet for repentance before granting them the privileges of the elective franchise."

A NEAT DEFINITION.

MRS. WALLING, a Texan, who with her three children escaped from the State through innumerable perils, has a very clear conception of some historical facts. In a late description of her sufferings she casually remarked: "I look upon a rebel as a courageous Copperhead, but I look upon a Copperhead as a cowardly rebel."

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE QUESTION.

THIS brave soldier and honest man, who, at the opening of the war, was a BRECKINRIDGE Democrat, in a late stirring speech in Philadelphia upon the happy return of peace, said:

"I think the only thing to do now is to try to make our neighbors of the South and every one else to feel that we ought to grant to every freeman on this continent the right to help rule the land. And, while we grant this, let us ask Almighty God, who has assisted us so long, to influence all those who may have the right to vote to vote on the right side."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is no exciting news this week. Indian affairs claim their full share of the public attention. There have been of late many disturbances, and many of the whites on the frontier have been murdered. Now that the war is over these matters are likely to receive the careful consideration of the Government. Arrangements are now being made for fresh treaties with the Indian tribes, many of whom seem to be peaceably inclined. On the 14th of September, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, the following tribes signed a treaty of permanent peace with the United States, as represented by loyal delegates, viz.: Osages, Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Cowskins, Senecas, Shawnees, Chocktaws, and Quapaws.

The Alabama State Convention met at Montgomery September 12, ninety-two delegates taking the oath from Governor Parsons. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, who left his seat in the United States Senate at the beginning of the rebellion, and has since been living in comparative quiet on his own estate, was chosen President of the Convention.

On the 13th the State Convention of South Carolina assembled at Columbia, one hundred delegates being present. Governor Perry's Message strongly supports President Johnson's reconstruction policy. Resolutions of discontent, it is said, were offered, but received only five votes. In his Message Governor Perry opposes negro suffrage. He says the radical Republican party North "forget that this is a white man's government, and intended for white men only; and that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the negro is not an American citizen under the Federal Constitution." He says of the colored troops that their "atrocious conduct has disgraced the service and filled the public mind with the most horrible apprehensions;" and that at his request the President has withdrawn the black soldiers from the interior of the State and placed them in garrisons on the coast, where they can do no further mischief.

NEWS ITEMS.

The returns of the Vermont election show a general and heavy falling off in the votes of both parties. The Republican candidate for Governor is elected by about 15,000 majority. The Senate and House will remain about the same as last year.

A disease called hog-diphtheria is now rapidly killing out the hogs in Fairfax, Virginia, and adjoining counties. The animal appears well one morning; during the day its neck swells, and by the next morning it is dead. No cure has been discovered.

The Naval School is to reopen at Annapolis during the present month. The transfer from Newport, Rhode Island, has been fully made. The old buildings formerly used by the school at Annapolis have just been put in excellent condition.

Hon. William Medill, ex-Governor of Ohio, and late Controller of the United States Treasury, died at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 2d.

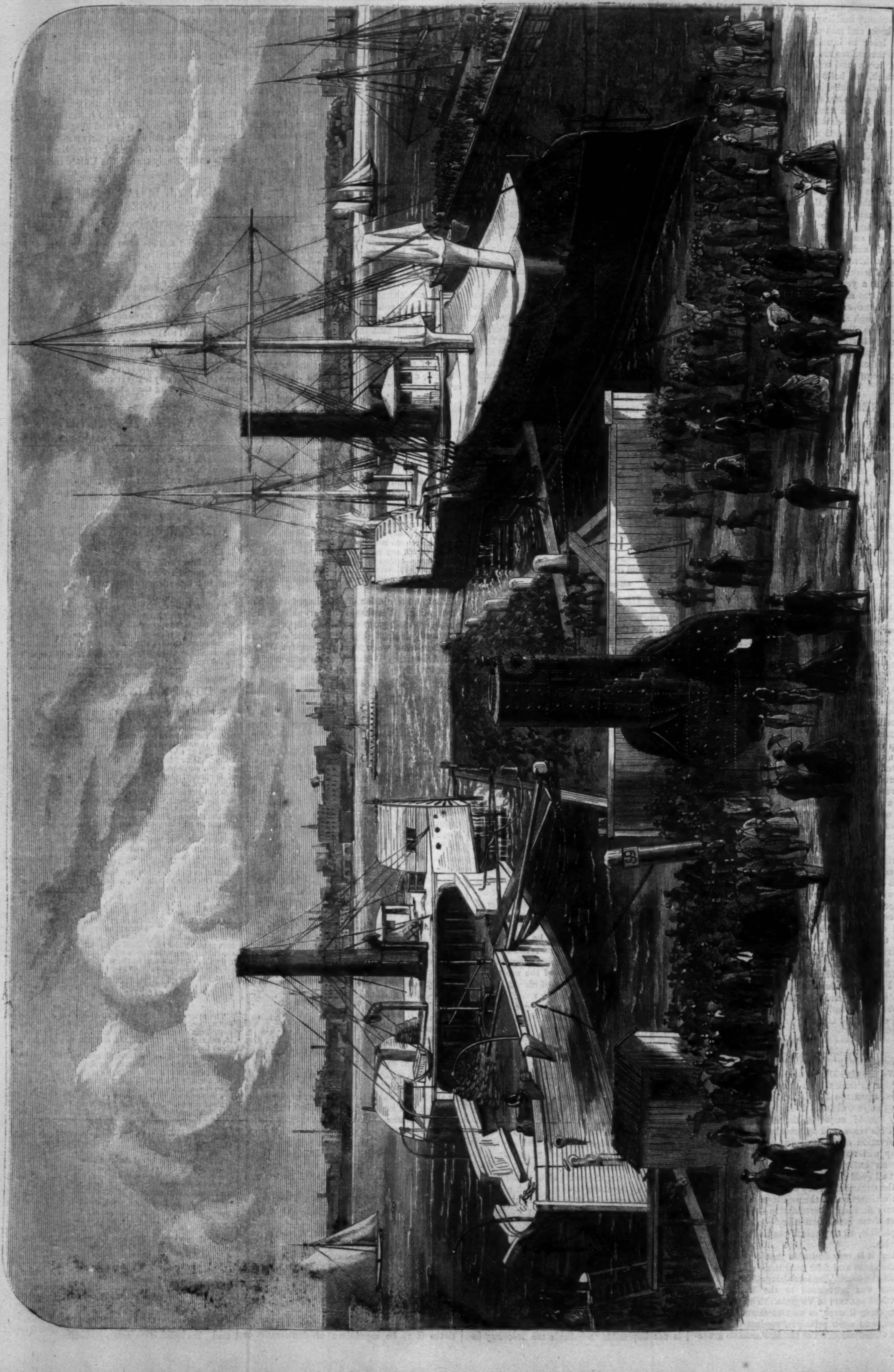
Daniel Webster, a son of the late Colonel Fletcher Webster, and grandson of the great Daniel Webster, died at Marshfield on Saturday, aged 25 years. The young man had led a dissolute life, and was hopelessly wrecked in health and character.

FOREIGN NEWS.

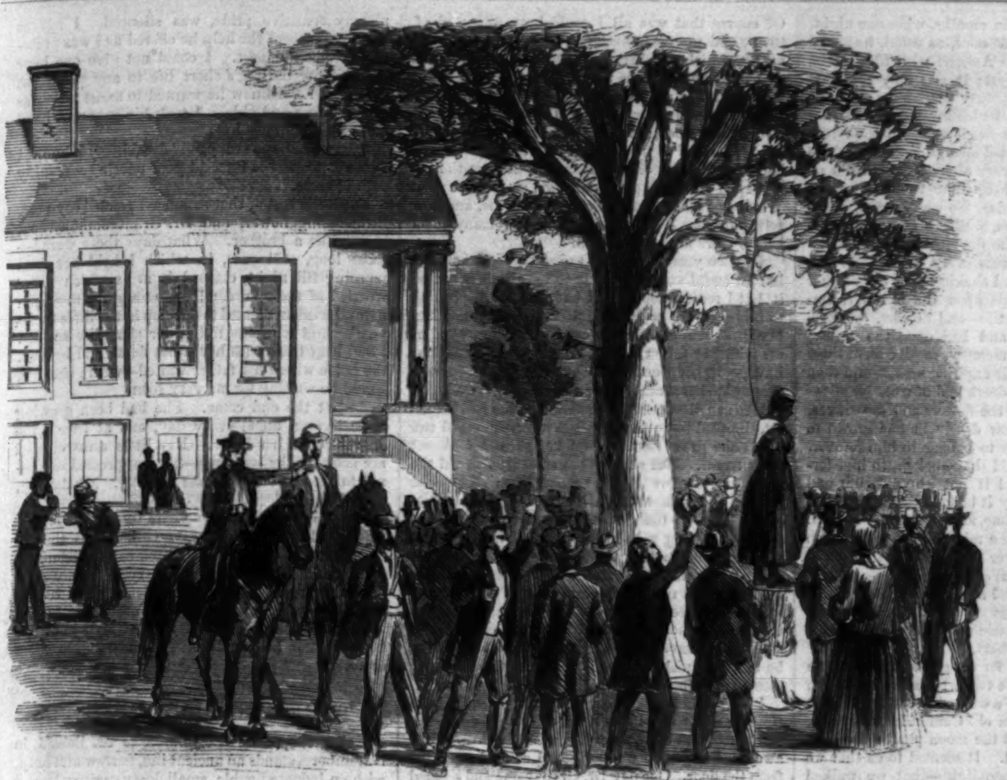
THE cholera appears to be receding eastward. At Constantinople it is estimated that the victims number 20,000, the number of deaths in a single day having reached a thousand. It is said that probably 200,000 people have left the city from panic.

The Fenian excitement in Ireland is very intense, and the order is rapidly gaining ground, though strongly opposed by the priesthood. Meetings for drill are constantly being held, and no secret is made of the object.

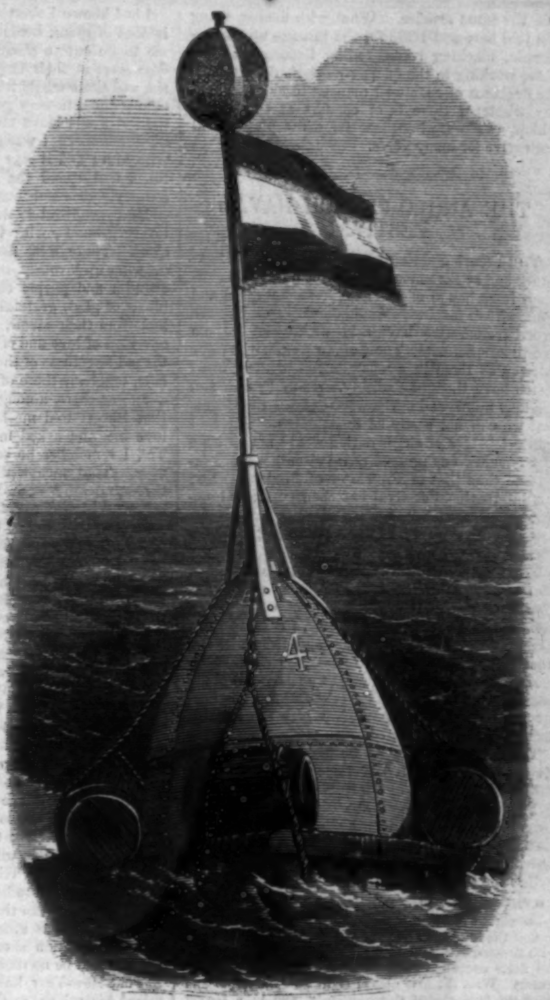
In South America the war between Paraguay and Brazil still continues. Lopez has put himself at the head of his army. The Emperor of Brazil is also proceeding to the front. The hottest of the strife is yet to come.



THE DOCK-RACE BETWEEN THE DOUBLE-ENDERS "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI," AT THE FOOT OF DELANCY STREET, EAST RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 622.]



VIEW OF DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE AND THE SYCAMORE-TREE WHERE AMY SPAIN, THE NEGRO SLAVE, WAS HUNG BY THE CITIZENS OF DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[Sketched by N. N. Edwards.]



BUOY, SHOWING THE LAST KNOWN POSITION OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

AMY SPAIN.

One of the martyrs of the cause which gave freedom to her race was that of a colored woman named Amy Spain, who was a resident of the town of Darlington, situated in a rich cotton-growing district of South Carolina. At the time a portion of the Union army occupied the town of Darlington she expressed her satisfaction by clasping her hands and exclaiming, "Bless the Lord the Yankees have come!" She could not restrain her emotions. The long night of darkness which had bound her in slavery was about to break away. It was impossible to repress the exuberance of her feelings; and although powerless to aid the advancing deliverers of her caste, or to injure her oppressors, the simple expression of satisfaction at the event sealed her doom. Amy Spain died in the cause of freedom. A section of Sherman's cavalry occupied the town, and without doing any damage passed through. Not an insult nor an unkind word was said to any of the women of that town. The men had, with guilty consciences, fled; but on their return, with their traditional chivalry, they seized upon poor Amy, and ignominiously hung her to a sycamore-tree standing in front of the court-house, underneath which stood the block from which was monthly exhibited the slave chattels that were struck down by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder.

Amy Spain heroically heard her sentence, and from her prison bars declared she was prepared to die. She defied her persecutors; and as she ascended the scaffold declared she was going to a place where she would receive a crown of glory. She was rudely interrupted by an oath from one of her executioners. To the eternal disgrace of Darlington her execution was acquiesced in and witnessed by most of the citizens of the town. Amy was launched into eternity, and the "chivalric Southern gentlemen" of Darlington had fully established their bravery by making war upon a defenseless African woman. She sleeps quietly, with others of her race, near the beautiful village. No memorial marks her grave, but after-ages will remember this martyr of liberty. Her persecutors will pass away and be forgotten, but Amy Spain's name is now hallowed among the Africans, who, emancipated and free, dare, with the starry folds of the flag of the free floating over them, speak her name with holy reverence.

A FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE.

The visitor to the site of what was once the little village of Hampton, Va., burned by the rebels in the winter of 1861, will see little to remind him of the place as it existed before the war. The ruins of the little brick church are the only token of the former times. Hampton is now peopled chiefly by freedmen, who number about four thousand, most of whom occupy the interesting little village known as Slabtown, of which we give a sketch on this page.

As in all instances where negroes are gathered together into communities, there are in Slabtown features of curious interest. There is a general uniformity both in the material and style of the architecture, the dwellings being built of rough barrel-staves, or slabs split out with the axe. The houses are of one story, without attic or basement. Shoe-shops and restaurants are built on the same plan, a few feet reduced. Residences of the higher class of people are marked by a blanket partition and illustrated newspaper hanging on the walls. There are two or three public squares, which would probably not compete with the Boston Common. Their stagnant ponds are lined with old boots, bottles, and other refuse. Notwithstanding this latter circumstance of the stagnant pools, the people enjoy good health. How all these people support themselves is a mystery to the visitor. An unusual proportion of the negroes are brought up to shoemaking. Some sell tobacco and beer, though it is a miracle where so many buyers come from in a community where every body seems to have for

THE FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—[Photographed by Gardner, Washington.]

sale the same articles. What with fishing, doing odd jobs here and there for the farmers up the Peninsula, blacking boots, selling lemonade to soldiers, working in the quarter-master's department, the denizens of Slabtown manage to exist and enjoy whatever there is of comfort at Old Point, which, as a watering-place for white people, will not revive for many years.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH NAVAL FESTIVAL.

The French and English fleets have met at Cherbourg and at Portsmouth, and after a free and generous interchange of courtesy, have separated and gone to their respective destinations. The fêtes are over. We ourselves have had little interest in them except as spectators. Those of our people who have interpreted them in a sense hostile to the United States have thought foolishly. Both France and England know well our power—at least they know that we can not easily be intimidated. The best nautical judges of either nation would not hesitate to pronounce our present naval situation more favorable than that of France or of England. No; this international festival has been perfectly innocent so far as we are concerned. Nor are we disposed to envy either of these nations the other's friendship.

The English fleet, under Admiral Dacres, left Portland Roads on the 13th of August, arriving at Cherbourg the next day. The fleet consisted of the *Achilles, Black Prince, Defense, Prince Consort, Hector, Research*—iron-clads; and the following wooden ships—the *Edgar, Liverpool, Octavia, Constance, Trinculo*, gun-boat, and the *Salamis*, dispatch vessel. On the 15th was the celebration of the Emperor Napoleon's birthday, in which the English fleet cordially participated.

The large engraving in the middle of our paper gives an excellent view of the appearance of the British fleet as it lay in the harbor of Cherbourg at eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, when a general salute was fired by all the French and English ships, together with the forts and batteries of Cherbourg. An English correspondent thus describes the spectacle:

"The weather on the 15th was rainy and unpleasant; but as eight o'clock drew near all the quays and wharves west of the forts and along the line of shore were crowded with thousands, who came out, in spite of the rain, to see the fleets exchange salutes. The sight was well worth seeing. With the first note of eight bells the *Edgar* and *Magenta* fired almost simultaneously, and in a second afterward up and down the roadstead, from high-placed forts and detached rock batteries, out came regular pulsations of flame and smoke, with a sharp, smashing boom, which, seeming to echo itself, swelled gradually into a din which really shook the air. But that the ships were not in motion, it would have seemed like a naval battle; the ships lying broadside to broadside kept blazing at each other till all were hid in the smoke, from which, even amidst the noise of the guns, could be heard the shrill boatswain's whistle and hoarse shouts giving directions. What these directions were was soon seen; for, as the firing ceased and the bank of smoke was sent rapidly to leeward, each ship emerged from its cloud "dressed" as if by magic from stem to stern with arcs of colored bunting, and the English ships with their top-gallant yards crossed. All the French ships dressed athwart-ships from the yards, while the English, as usual, hoisted their colors fore and aft over the mast-heads and down astern. The effect of both was very pretty, though on this occasion the wind, being violently dead ahead, showed the French mode off to the greater advantage. All the English vessels carried the French flag at the main, and, when the salute was over, the Lords of the Admiralty paid the high compliment of lowering their own flag from the *Enchantress* and hoisting that of France in its place."

In the evening there was a singularly brilliant illumination.

On the evening of August 17 the festivities at Cherbourg closed with a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. About 1200 persons were present.

On the 25th the British fleet returned to Portsmouth, followed on the 28th by the French squadron. This latter consisted of the Emperor's yacht *Reine Hortense*, the *Solferino*, the *Magenta*, the *Normandie*, the *Couronne*, the *Invincible*, the *Gloire*, the *Provence*, the *Heroine*, the *Caton*, the *Ariel*, and the *Faon*. The French fleet was fêted at Portsmouth as the English had been at Cherbourg.

TWO WHO WAIT.

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance."

I loved Robert as I never could love again. I was an orphan, and friendless. Being quick with my needle I had come to Boston hoping to find work there. Somehow chance favored me—no, I don't mean that—I mean that God who promised to be a father to the fatherless was good to me. I found a comfortable boarding-place, and, by means of my landlady, a paying run of custom. I went out by the day to finish off dresses, sewing with dress-makers sometimes, and more often after they had got through and gone away. Robert Eden boarded in the same house with me, and he liked me from the first.

How proud I was of his liking, the handsome, manly fellow! He was clerk in a store, and he got through every night at six o'clock; and often, if he could find out where I was sewing, he would come and walk home with me. This was before we were engaged. Afterward, of course, he came every night, as a regular thing. But I never shall forget how it used to be during those first months before he had asked me to marry him. I never quite knew whether he would come or not, so it was something pleasant to think and wonder about as I sat over my work. Then, when I saw that he was really waiting, how shy I used to be, and how demurely I used to walk along with my eyes down until he joined me, and then look up at him as if I were altogether surprised! It was an innocent little deception which harmed no one. I don't know why I speak of it, only sometimes I like to go over all those old days in my thought, and every one of their little memories seems bright and sweet as fresh blossoms.

I had known Robert six months, when one night, instead of going home at once, as usual, he asked me to go out to Mount Auburn with him. The days were at their longest; it was only half past six, and there would be plenty of time for a ramble among those flowery paths before they would shut the gates and leave the dead people to their still night-slumber. I was glad enough to go any where with him; and it was very pleasant to get out of town, and spend the long June twilight among country sights and sounds. So we set off at once.

How beautiful it was, walking about in those lovely grounds, with the day just drawing to its close. There were flowers every where—flowers growing up joyously, and shaking odor out of their crimson and purple cups upon the still air, emblems of glad, grateful life—and flowers, too, broken from their stems, and laid upon the graves, offerings of love and of memory, to give forth there the sad sweetness of their expiring breath, and then fade, emblems these of death and of woe.

It was there, among the flowers and the graves, that Robert told me how dearly he had grown to love me, and asked me to belong to him forever. Yes, I remember he said that—belong to him forever. That meant, did it not, through life and through death? Surely it bound me—when I had promised him—for all time, and all eternity as well. It was strange, but in the midst of my great, deep joy a thought came over me—what if this troth-plighting among the graves were an omen—what if it should be for death and not for life? But I tried to banish this foreboding. I knew I was superstitious, naturally, so I would not let myself utter the haunting thought to Robert.

When the time came for the gates to be shut we went out arm in arm, we two who belonged to each other for evermore. We walked about for a while under the trees there in old Cambridge before we went back to town, and the moon poured down on us a flood of silver light. It seemed to us that we had never seen such moonlight—that we walked under new heavens and upon a new earth.

When we got home we told our landlady—good Mrs. Colesworthy, who had been so kind to me—of our betrothal. Robert said frankness was best in such matters, as in all others. We could not be married just yet. His salary was small, and he must save enough to begin housekeeping in a quiet way. In the mean time he would want, of course, to be with me as much as possible, and so it was well our relation should be understood, and then there would be no room for gossip.

That New-Year, however, the firm he worked for raised his salary, so that he saved the money we needed sooner than we had any hope, and we were married the next summer, a year after our betrothal. Then Robert took me home. We had three rooms—a chamber, a kitchen, and a little parlor. We thought of a spare bedroom at first, but I had no friends who were likely to come and see us, neither had Robert; so we saved that expense. What a bright, cheery home we had! How much pride and pleasure we took in every little convenience and adornment! We thought we were just as happy as we could be; but when another year went by, and with the June roses came a baby girl to look up at us with her shy sweet eyes, full of strange baby wisdom, we found that we could be happier still. I wanted to call the little thing Rose, because she came when the roses came, and Robert wanted to call her Mary, because that was my name; so we compromised and called her Rosemary.

I think you never saw just such a baby—never, surely, unless you have had a first baby of your own. She was such a round, rosy, fat, dimpled, loving, sunny, bird-like little creature, with wise, still ways too, that kept you wondering how the world looked to her, and what she was thinking about. She was a perpetual novelty and entertainment to us. We never tired of speculating about her future, watching her growth, playing with her, fondling her. And so ten months went by us most happily, until it was the March after little Rosemary came.

Then Robert took a sudden, violent cold. It came on to rain one day while he was at the store. He had to go out to attend to some business, and having no overshoes or umbrella, went carelessly without them, and came home to me at night so hoarse he could scarcely speak. It was his last day's work.

Let me hurry over those few terrible weeks of suffering and suspense through which I nursed him. He died in the last of April. Before he went away from us little Rosemary had learned to say "papa." She said it to him just before he died, and I never can forget the way his face kindled with a lifelike brightness which made me almost hope to hold him back a little longer from death. He reached out his arms, those thin, weak arms, and I laid the child in them.

"God bless you," he said, "my darling, my little darling! God bless you, and keep you from all evil!"

Then he began to cough, and I took her away, and tied her into her tiny rocking-chair, where she had learned to sit patiently hour after hour, never troubling any one. When the coughing-spell was over he closed his eyes, and I heard him say in a low voice:

"Their angels do always behold the face of the Father;" and I knew he was thinking of his little one, and what her lot would be when he was gone.

Just at the last he turned his eyes to me, and said in weak, faint tones:

"You have been my true wife, Mary. You have walked with me down to the very brink of the river. You must go back alone."

With those words he made a sign for me to kiss him, and bending down I pressed my lips to his, that even then quivered beneath my touch, and faintly returned my pressure. When I lifted up my head he was dead.

I had been alone a month before I had courage to look about me, or think at all what I was going to do. The firm had been very kind. They continued Robert's pay through his sickness, and for two months afterward, making up the half year. Of course that was all I could have expected of them, and more—I must take care of myself and my little girl. Robert had left a little money, but that I did not mean to touch. I felt that it ought to remain as a provision against any time of peculiar need, or for Rosemary if I should die. So I went round among my old customers and procured the promise of as much work as I could do to take home, for it was of course out of the question to leave my child and go out all day, as I used to do. When I saw how kind they all were to me, and how sorry for me, I began to realize how many good hearts there are in the world.

For two years I got along nicely. To be sure it left an awful void in my life to take Robert out of it, but I remembered that I had promised to belong to him forever; so I felt that I was only waiting. My little one was a great comfort. She looked at me with her father's eyes, and there was a curious likeness in her words and ways to his which sometimes gladdened and sometimes saddened my heart.

Her constitution was very frail. She had been a fat, dimpled baby enough; but after she could run alone she grew slender, and her skin was almost transparent. But she was never really ill until the summer two years after her father died. Then she became so delicate that she required a great deal of my time. I thought at first that it was because she was cutting a long-delayed double tooth, but soon I began to fear there was graver cause for alarm. I sent for a doctor, a kind, fatherly man—Dr. Grant his name was—and he told me that her spine was affected, and the disease was of such a nature that she would require the closest care and attention to save her life. And even then— But he did not finish the sentence. Looking into my face I think he could not nerve himself to do so.

I used to hold her in my arms more than half the time by night and by day. Of course I could not sew much, and the money Robert had left dwindled away. I began to wonder how I could keep want from the door. One day Dr. Grant came and seemed to have something in particular to say. He had been very kind to my little Rosemary, and she and I had both grown fond of him in a certain way, and were always glad to see him. But I never could tell you the shock it was when he asked me to marry him. I had known nothing of his history hitherto, but he told me now that he was a widower, and a lonely, childless man, and that he had learned to love me and mine better than any thing else in the world. He wanted to marry me at once, and take us home with him, where Rosemary could have every care and luxury, and where my lot should be eased of all such burdens as he could bear in my stead.

While he talked I was terribly tempted. The home he offered seemed to promise such rest, such relief from care, and the torturing anxiety how to do my duty to my child and get my daily bread at the same time. I thought of my little one most of all. I knew she needed so much that I could not give her. Perhaps it would save her life. Had I a right to refuse? And yet I knew I did not love Dr. Grant. I dared not answer him on any momentary impulse. So I told him if he would go away and give me time to think I would see him again on the morrow. He held my hand a moment with grave tenderness.

"Remember, Mrs. Eden," he said, "that whatever way you may decide I shall not be the less your friend. If you can find it in your heart to come to my home and let me care for you I shall be happy indeed, and I will do my best to make you so."

All that night, until the gray dawn lightened the heavens, I sat holding my little one in my arms and thinking. I went over and over all the advantages of the case—most of all what it would do for Rosemary to be in a home of plenty, surrounded with every appliance of ease and luxury; constantly watched, moreover, by a kind and skillful physician, whose interest in her, I knew, would be only second to mine. All this on one side.

On the other the stern fact that I did not love Dr. Grant—the holy, ever-present memory that I had promised to belong to Robert Eden forever. *Could* I break that vow? Would he forgive me if, even for his child's sake, I suffered any other man to press the lips on which his dying kiss still lingered?

Then I thought farther. Filled as my heart was with fond memories of the dead, thrilling to that remembered love as it never would to the strongest utterance of any living man's passion, should I not be wronging Dr. Grant's noble nature unpardonably if I gave him a hand which held no heart—vowed a fealty which was only lip-deep? At last, just in the gray dawning, I made up my mind that I would be faithful and true at any cost, and trust all to God, even Rosemary. I would not sin against my womanhood by purchasing comforts for her at the price of my fidelity to the vow I had plighted to her father. I knew that I had decided rightly by the great peace which flowed into my heart. I lay down on the bed, with my little girl still in my arms, and I seemed to feel—was it all fancy?—the presence of one I could not see, to hear a well-known, well-loved voice murmur,

"Through life and through death! My beloved, thou hast been faithful."

Then I slept the long, deep sleep of exhaustion; and when I awoke Rosemary was watching me with her great wide-open eyes, and it was almost time for Dr. Grant to come.

I showed him honestly all my heart, and, when he understood fully that I never could have given him such love as he craved, he told me I had done right—that any other course would have been injustice to myself, to him, and to the dead. But if I could not be his wife, he said, I must be to him as his sister—I must suffer him to provide for all my necessities, for he should not let me sew any more until—he stopped an instant, and then finished his sentence—until the little girl is better.

But, in spite of his attempt to spare my feelings, it struck in one moment to my heart that he felt convinced she would never be any better in this world. With that thought all my independence, all my sensitive pride, was silenced. I felt as willing to accept the help he offered as I was grateful for his kindness. I could not give one hour more of my darling's short life to any thing but care of her. I knew he wanted to assist me—was alike willing and able. I took his generous hand and raised it to my lips.

"May God reward you!" I said. "I know I never can, and yet I accept your offering as frankly as it is made."

So all the rest of that summer I tended my poor, little fading flower, and Dr. Grant supplied our wants like a brother. What days those were!—those long, still ones, in which I held her from morning till night, clasped in arms which never wearied of their burden! A strange, almost unnatural wisdom seemed to develop in the little three-year's child who was living her short life so fast. I had long talks with her about death and heaven, the home where her father waited—where she, too, would be waiting for me very soon.

At last the end came. She had been growing more like an angel every day, and at length the angels called her home. Her little arms clasped my neck for the last time—her lips pressed mine—and her baby voice bade me good-by. My darling, oh my darling!

She has slept these two years beside her father. I am looking forward always through all the tumult of life to the day when I too can go home. I bear life's burden patiently—I try to do my duty in the station to which it has pleased God to call me; but my heart and my hopes are where Robert waits, and with him my little Rosemary—not sure, I think, that heaven is heaven until *I* join them there.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

Nearly opposite the church of St. Sebald, in Nuremberg, stands an ancient inn, narrow and lofty, with an indented gable, small dusty casements, and the roof surmounted by a plaster image of the Virgin. Many years ago, when beginning the world as a young artist, I took up my abode in this quaint hostelry. I had come to Nuremberg in order to study the works of the old masters; but, my funds running short, I was obliged to take portraits—and such portraits! Stout old ladies, each with her cat on her lap; rosy burgomasters, wigged and cocked-hatted—all plentifully and impartially illuminated with ochre and vermilion.

At length this resource began to fail; and mine host, who at first had been all civility, began to importune me in a somewhat insolent manner for the amount of my bill. One evening, as I was passing up stairs to my attic, Master Rapp called after me: "Hallo! youngster, when are you going to pay me? Your bill now amounts to one hundred and sixty florins, ten kreutzers. Pray, when am I likely to see the color of your money?"

I muttered some sort of indistinct reply, and hastening to my room locked the door, and threw myself, dressed as I was, on my bed. Revolving my miserable position in my mind, all the genuine feeling for art, all the high aspirations after excellence which had hitherto buoyed me up, seemed to forsake me, and a sordid, hungry craving for money took their place. At length my eyes grew heavy and my thoughts confused, and I slept profoundly for some hours. About two o'clock I awoke in a strange sort of excitement. Having lighted my lamp, I seized a piece of paper and a crayon, and drew a rapid sketch, in the Dutch style, feeling all the time as if the composition was not mine, but as if each stroke was suggested by some one who merely used my hand and pencil as unconscious and unresisting instruments. The sketch thus traced represented a gloomy court, surrounded by lofty but crumbling walls, which were furnished with large hooks at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left was a trellis of laths, through which one saw an ox cut in quarters, suspended by strong pulleys from the roof of a shed. Streams of blood flowed across the pavement, and met in a trench filled with refuse and rubbish. At one end of the court was a cart-house, through the open door of which were seen a pile of wood and some bundles of straw. Pieces of ragged rope, an old hen-coop, and a broken rabbit-hutch littered the fore-ground. On the right, one corner of the sketch remaining blank, I hesitated what to put there; something seemed to move, to hover around it. Suddenly a foot turned up and detached from the ground appeared to my mind's-eye. Following the inspiration I sketched on rapidly, and beneath my crayon grew a leg joined to the foot, then a floating garment, at length the entire figure of an old woman, pale, emaciated, with disheveled hair, thrown down against the low parapet of a well, and struggling against a hand which clutched her throat.

I was drawing the scene of a murder; the crayon fell from my hand. I shuddered as I looked at the woman's face, contracted by terror, while both her hands convulsively grasped the arm of her murderer. But *his* face, I saw it not; it was hidden from me as by some veiling shadow—I could not finish the sketch.

"I am fatigued," I said, passing my hand over my damp forehead; "to-morrow I will finish the design; there remains but that one figure to put in."

Hastily undressing I went to bed, and before five minutes had elapsed I was sunk in a profound slumber. When I awoke it was broad daylight. I hastened to dress, and was preparing to resume my task when I heard two knocks at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall old man, dressed in black, stood at the threshold.

"Herr Heinrich Kapf, the painter?" said he.

"At your service, Sir."

He bowed his head, and said, introducing himself: "Baron Frederick von Spreckdahl, who was also Judge of the Criminal Tribunal, should condescend to visit my poor attic, was indeed an unlooked-for event. I cast an embarrassed glance at the mean, scanty furniture, the low ceiling, and the

worm-eaten flooring; but my visitor seemed to pay no attention to these details. Seating himself near my small table: "Herr Kapff," he said, "I come—"

At that moment his eyes fell on the unfinished sketch, and he gazed at it fixedly for several moments.

"Are you the author of this drawing?" he asked, looking at me with the same attention which he had bestowed on my work.

"I am, Sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it is merely a design for a painting."

"Ah!" said he, taking up the paper delicately with the tips of his long sallow fingers; and with the aid of his eye-glass he studied the sketch closely.

"And the dimensions of this painting, Herr Kapff?" said he at last, without looking up.

"Four feet by three."

"Its price?"

"Fifty ducats."

My visitor laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a long, well-filled purse of green silk. "Fifty ducats," he repeated; "there they are."

And throwing down the pieces the baron saluted me, and was gone before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to utter a word of thanks. I heard his walking-stick strike on each stair as he descended, and I ran down quickly after him. But when I reached the door of the inn he was already gone; I looked up and down the street, but he was not to be seen.

"Well, this is odd enough," I muttered; and having remounted the five flights of stairs I sat down at the table, brightened by the unwonted gleam of gold, and resolved to finish the sketch without delay; a few more touches of the crayon were all that was required. But these few touches, try as I would, I *could not* give. I had lost the clew to the design; the mysterious personage would not come out of the limbo of my brain. It was of no use to draw and efface, and draw again, and retouch; the creature of my pencil was as discordant with his surroundings as one of Raphael's figures would be in a village ale-house by Teniers. I threw down my crayon in despair, and the perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead.

Confused voices, and heavy steps mounting the stairs: my door was violently shaken.

"In the name of the law, open!"

Trembling, though I scarce knew why, I obeyed. Two muscular hands instantly grasped my collar, and a fat little man in green uniform, who smelled strongly of beer, came close to me, and said: "Heinrich Kapff, I arrest you."

"For what crime?" I inquired, as I recognized the chief of police.

"Come along," he cried, roughly, and made a sign to one of his men to handcuff me.

Resistance of course was useless. I was effectually secured, and conveyed down stairs by some of the party; while the others ransacked my room in every corner, prodding the furniture, and turning over on the floor my poor wardrobe and other scanty possessions. My captors thrust me into a covered carriage, and two of them entered after me, and took their places one at each side.

"What have I done?" I inquired again.

"Hans," said one of them to the other, with a sour smile, "he asks what he has done!"

Soon a dark shadow enveloped us, as the carriage rolled under the gloomy archway which leads to the Raspel Haus, or city prison. The jailer, with a gray woolen cap on his head, and a short pipe between his lips, received me from my conductors, and having silently introduced me into a cell, locked and barred the door, and left me to my reflections.

The room was small, but tolerably clean, and the walls being newly whitewashed, presented no inscriptions or drawings, save a rude sketch of a gibbet, probably executed by my predecessor. It was lighted by a small window, nine or ten feet from the ground, and the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket.

I seated myself on the straw, and remained, I know not how long, plunged in a gloomy reverie. Very soon the door grated on its hinges; my jailer appeared, and desired me to follow him.

I was conducted into a gloomy sort of judgment-hall, at the upper end of which were seated two judges, one of them being my late visitor, Von Spreckdahl. A clerk, employed in tickling his ear with the feather of his pen, sat before a table.

Von Spreckdahl, raising his voice, addressed me: "Heinrich Kapff, how did you become possessed of this drawing?"

He showed me the nocturnal sketch; I examined it, and replied: "It was done by me."

There was a silence, and the clerk wrote down my reply.

I thought within myself: "What is the meaning of this? What connection can the sketch have with my pushing Rapp down stairs?"

"It was done by you," repeated Von Spreckdahl. "What is the subject of it?"

"[illegible] fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details from any painting or engraving?"

"No, Sir; I invented them all."

"Prisoner," said the judge, in a severe tone, "I advise you to reflect. Do not lie."

I reddened with anger, and said, emphatically: "I have spoken the truth."

"Write, clerk," said Von Spreckdahl.

"And this woman," continued he, "who is being assassinated at the edge of a well, have you imagined her figure also?"

"Certainly."

"You never saw her?"

"Never."

With an indignant gesture Von Spreckdahl rose from his chair, then resuming his seat, he appeared to consult in a low tone with his colleague.

"What *can* it be all about? What have I done?" murmured I to myself.

Addressing my guards, Von Spreckdahl said: "Conduct the prisoner to the carriage.—We are going to the Metzger Strasse.—Heinrich Kapff," he continued, "you are pursuing a deplorable path. Consider that if the justice of men is inflexible, the mercy of God may yet be obtained by a full confession of your crime."

I could not reply; I felt as if under the influence of some frightful dream, and prepared to follow my guards in silence.

Two policemen and I entered the carriage, which rolled along through several streets. One of my guards took out his snuff-box, and offered a pinch to his companion. Mechanically I also extended my finger and thumb toward the box, but its owner drew it back with a gesture of aversion, and quickly replaced it in his pocket.

I felt the hot tingling blood mount to my forehead, but before I could speak the carriage stopped. One of the policemen got out while the other held me, fettered as I was, by the collar, until, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he thrust me rudely out.

All these precautions to secure my person augured no good, but just then I was given no time for reflection. My guards hurried me along a narrow, filthy alley, bounded by high walls, and through which trickled a fetid stream of some thick dark liquid. Arrived at the end, they opened a door, and pushed me before them into a square court. During our progress a strange horror had taken possession of me, not arising from the uncertainty and mystery of my position, but rather like the effect of nightmare. I seemed to be walking in a frightful dream, seeing and acting without my own volition, and under a haunting conviction of the unreality of all the objects around. But this horror became very tangible and real when I looked around the place where I now found myself. There was the very identical court which I had drawn the night before—the walls furnished with hooks, the broken hen-coop, the rabbit-hutch; not a single detail, not even the most trifling, was wanting!

Beside the well stood the two judges, Von Spreckdahl and Richter. At their feet lay the corpse of the old woman, her long gray hair disheveled, her face livid, her eyes starting from her head, and her tongue protruding from between her clenched teeth. It was a horrid spectacle.

"Prisoner!" said Von Spreckdahl in a solemn voice, "have you got any thing to say?"

I made no answer.

"Do you acknowledge that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well after having strangled her and taken possession of her money?"

"No," I cried—"no! I do not know this woman; I never saw her until now. May God help me!"

"It is enough," said he, in a dry tone; and then, without adding another word, he and his colleague took their departure.

My guards conducted me back to the Raspel Haus, and left me alone in my cell. I fell into a profound stupor, and when but half aroused from it, my conscience awoke to a sort of morbid activity, and I began to ask myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman!

Day dawned, and slowly lighted up my gloomy prison. The window looked on the street. It was a market-day, and I heard the rolling of the carts laden with fruit and vegetables. I could distinguish the cackling of the live poultry, and the animated discourse of the butter-women. As the morning advanced the noise became greater, and the buzz and movement of life around me seemed to restore courage to my heart. I felt an irresistible desire to see what was going on around me, and to look once more on the faces of my fellow-men.

My predecessors in the cell, animated, no doubt, by a like desire, had scooped holes in the wall to facilitate their mounting to the window. I climbed up, and holding the bars, managed to seat myself on the narrow ledge. Once there, I gazed entranced on the crowd, the life, the movement; tears flowed down my cheeks; I felt an intense longing for life as life, simply to breathe, and move, and feel the sun. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "to live—only to live! Let them sentence me to hard labor; let them attach a weight to my leg. What does it matter, provided only that I live!"

The quaint old market on which I looked offered a gay and animated spectacle. The peasant-women in their Bavarian costumes were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and their cages filled with poultry; butchers with naked arms were chopping meat on their blocks; peasants, with their large-brimmed felt hats set far back on their heads, leaned on their stout holly-sticks, and smoked their pipes. The changing, animated scene captivated my attention, and, in spite of me, distracted my thoughts from my sad situation. As I continued to gaze on the crowd a butcher passed by, his back bent under the weight of an enormous quarter of beef which he bore on his shoulders. His arms were bare, his elbows raised, his head bent down in front. His hair falling down in a measure concealed his face, and yet at the first glance I shuddered. "It is he!" I exclaimed, inwardly.

All my blood flew back to my heart. I leaped from the window down into my prison, shivering, my teeth chattering, while the rebellious blood flowed back again, and mounted hotly to my cheeks and forehead.

"It is he! He is there—*there*—and I—I must die to expiate his crime! O my God, help me! What am I to do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration, as I believe, from heaven darted through my mind. I put my hand into my coat-pocket, and found my case of crayons. Rushing to the clean whitewashed wall, I sketched the scene of the murder with marvelous force and rapidity. No more uncertainty, no more wavering attempts. I knew the man who grasped the luckless woman's throat; I saw him as if he were sitting to me for his portrait. At ten o'clock the jailer entered my cell.

"What is this?" he said, looking with surprise at my sketch.

"Go, ask my judges to come hither," I cried, still pursuing my work with feverish ardor.

"They await you in the Hall of Judgment," replied he.

"Tell them to come; I have a disclosure to make," said I, as I put the finishing touch to the murderer's figure. It looked as if it lived and breathed; foreshortened on the wall, the features stood out with wonderful force and reality.

The jailer went out, and in a few minutes the two judges appeared. With my hand extended, and trembling in every limb, I said to them: "Behold the assassin!"

Von Spreckdahl carefully and quietly examined the sketch. "His name?" he inquired.

"I know it not," I replied; "but at this moment he is in the market cutting up meat at the third stall on the left as you enter from the Trabanten Strasse."

"What do you advise?" said my judge to his colleague.

"That we should instantly send for the man," replied he, in a grave tone.

Stepping out into the corridor, he gave his orders to the policemen stationed there. During their absence the two judges remained standing, contemplating the sketch. Suffering from strong reaction, I sank on the ground, and buried my head between my knees.

Soon steps resounded from afar along the vaulted passages. Those who have not waited for the hour of deliverance, and counted the minutes, then as long as centuries—those who have not felt the poignant emotions of suspence, terror, hope, and doubt—they can not conceive the sharp agony of that moment. I could have distinguished the footsteps of the murderer, marching between his guards, from a thousand others. They approached; the judges themselves appeared moved. I raised my head, and my heart felt as though it were grasped by an iron hand. My eyes were fixed on the closed door; it opened—the man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen; his large jaws were contracted, causing the muscles to stand out even up to his ears; and his small, restless, tawny-colored eyes sparkled beneath a pair of thick reddish eyebrows.

Von Spreckdahl silently showed him the sketch. Then this powerful, sanguine-complexioned man turned pale—pale as death. Uttering a roar which startled us all, he opened his immense arms, and bounding backward succeeded in overthrowing two of his guards. There was a terrific struggle in the corridor; we could hear the panting respiration of the butcher, deep imprecations, broken words, and the stamping and shuffling of many feet. At length the assassin was led in, his head sunk on his breast, his eyes bloodshot, his limbs firmly fettered. Again he looked fixedly at the drawing on the wall, seemed to reflect, and muttered, as if to himself, "Who, then, could have seen me—at midnight?"

I was saved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOING INTO FITS.—It seems to be the general belief that Andrew Johnson is going to *suit* all parties.

FASHIONABLE.—The new mode of *coiffure*, better known as the *chignon*, is now described in all fashionable circles as "the knobby head of hair."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—What type will most accurately describe the new style of bonnets?—"SMALL CAPS," of course.

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.—We hear that his Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his Bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

"SWEET AUBURN, LOVELIEST," ETC.—A rude correspondent, speaking of the prevalence of *chignons* of the fashionable golden color, says the greater part of them are purchased, being sold at a pound for so many carats.

MODERN "COMIC SONGS."—Absurd-ditties.

THE LOVE OF A WEED.—Ladies, when being courted, ought not to object to the moderate use of tobacco. They should recollect that where there is a flame there must be smoke.

Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a Scotch minister who, on an icy winter Sabbath, threatened his congregation with everlasting torments in thick-ribbed ice. Being taxed with the heretical tendencies of such a version, the crafty Scot replied, "I'd no try to scare sinners this cauld weather by making them think about a het fire."

Parson B—— was truly a pious man, and at the long grace which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family knelt, except the parson's brother, who being o'er much fat, stood with his back to the table overlooking the garden. One day—it was summer time—the parson was unusually favored, not appearing to notice the fidgety movements of his brother, who kept twisting about, until finding no end to the thanks, he broke in with, "Cut it short; the cows are in the garden playing old Harry with the cabbages."

AN INVENTION.—While the great elephant Hannibal was passing through Maryland, an ancient colored lady, who had never seen an elephant, met him on the road, and throwing up her hands in admiration, exclaimed, "Bress de Lord, what things they do get up fur dis war!" The old lady took him for a new Yankee invention.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

MAXIMS.

BY OUR OWN TUPPER.

Never put off till to-day what you didn't wish to do yesterday.

If a herring and a half cost three half-pence you had better have two for breakfast, and hang the expense!

A bird in the hand had better be put into a cage at the earliest opportunity or it may escape.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

The more distant your friends are the more you should call—if you want to make yourself heard.

When you take a friend home to dine with you for the first time count the plate before you let him go home. It saves subsequent awkwardness.

If a friend wants to borrow an umbrella send for a policeman at once and give him in charge. It will guard against a repetition of the error.

Should you happen in a discussion to find you and your opponent are likely to take opposite views, knock him down at once for fear you should be led into a quarrel.

THE BILL-STICKER'S MOTTO—Application.

What is the difference between a piece of honey-comb and a black eye?—One is produced by the *laboring bee*, and the other by a *belaboring*.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.
And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

EPIGRAM.

BY A BAD TRAVELER.

Bother poets! How they rave,
Sadly facts confounding;
Call the sea "the boundless wave,"
When it's always bounding!

SCENE—A RAILWAY STATION.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (*very kindly*). Nice child that, Mam! What age may it be?

DELIGHTED MAMMA. Only three years and two months.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (*sternly*). Two months over three. Then I shall require half price for it, please.

NO GETTING OUT OF IT.—"It was a capital thought of the late Joseph Hume to bring the Law Courts into one area," said some one in company where Bruton happened to be. "For all proper and useful purposes it is right," continued he, "in this world that all the lawyers should be found in one place!" "No doubt," said Bruton, "for in the next world we all know they are sure to be found in one place!"

BUOYANT INSCRIPTION FOR THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—"To be left till called for."

A gentleman traveling on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing-in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing-in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land!" "And sure, your Honor, wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor bastes out iv it?"

The fish is an eccentric animal. He will have his (s)whim.

The Egyptians were good sons. Do you know why?—Because they paid great respect to their *mummies*.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE FOR LADIES.—The Chignon is placed at the poll of the head.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

TASTE FOR TARTS.—A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to excuse himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

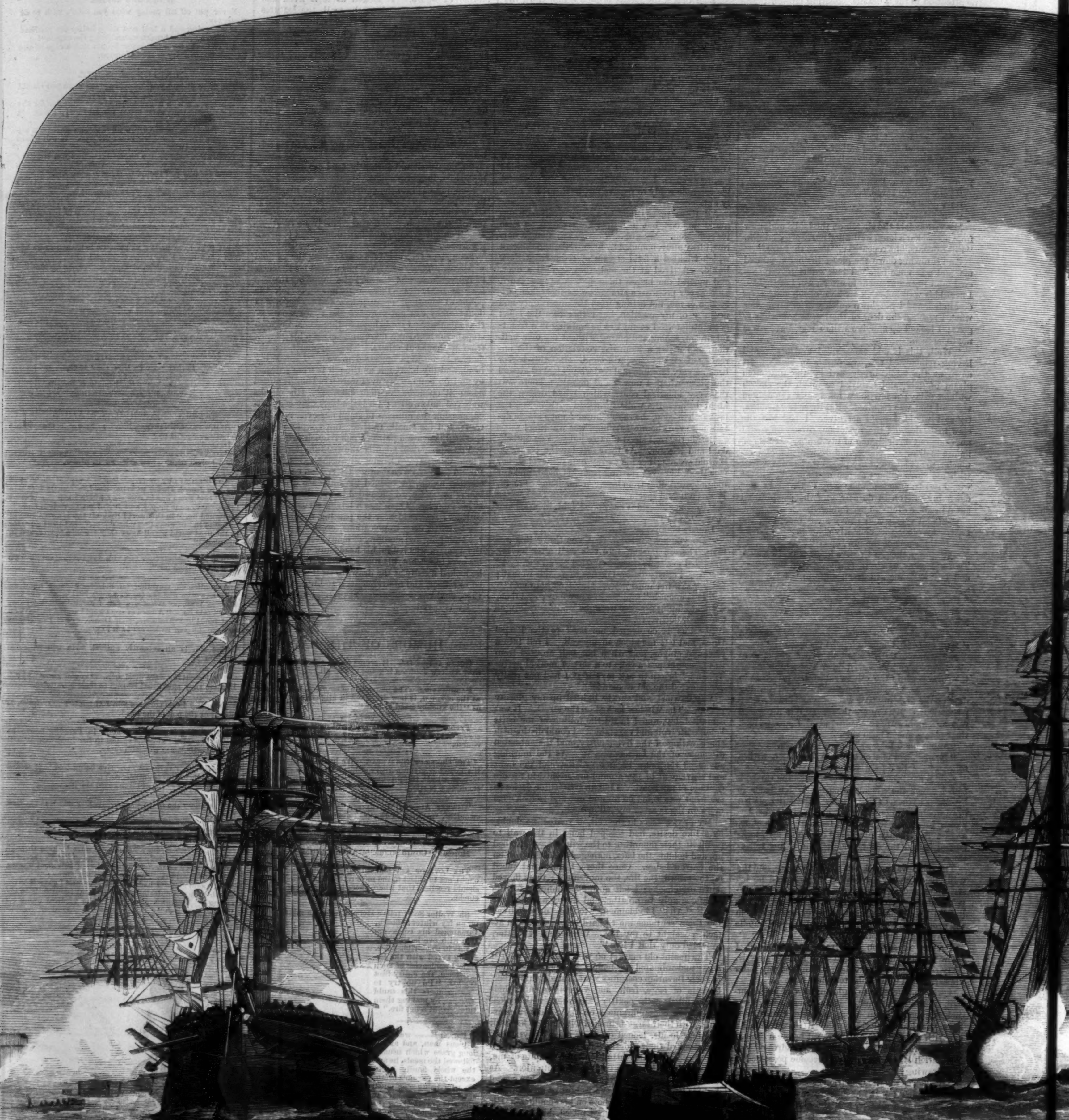
Was Adam the first person created, or was Eve the first *maid*?

EARLY PEARL.—Baby's teeth.

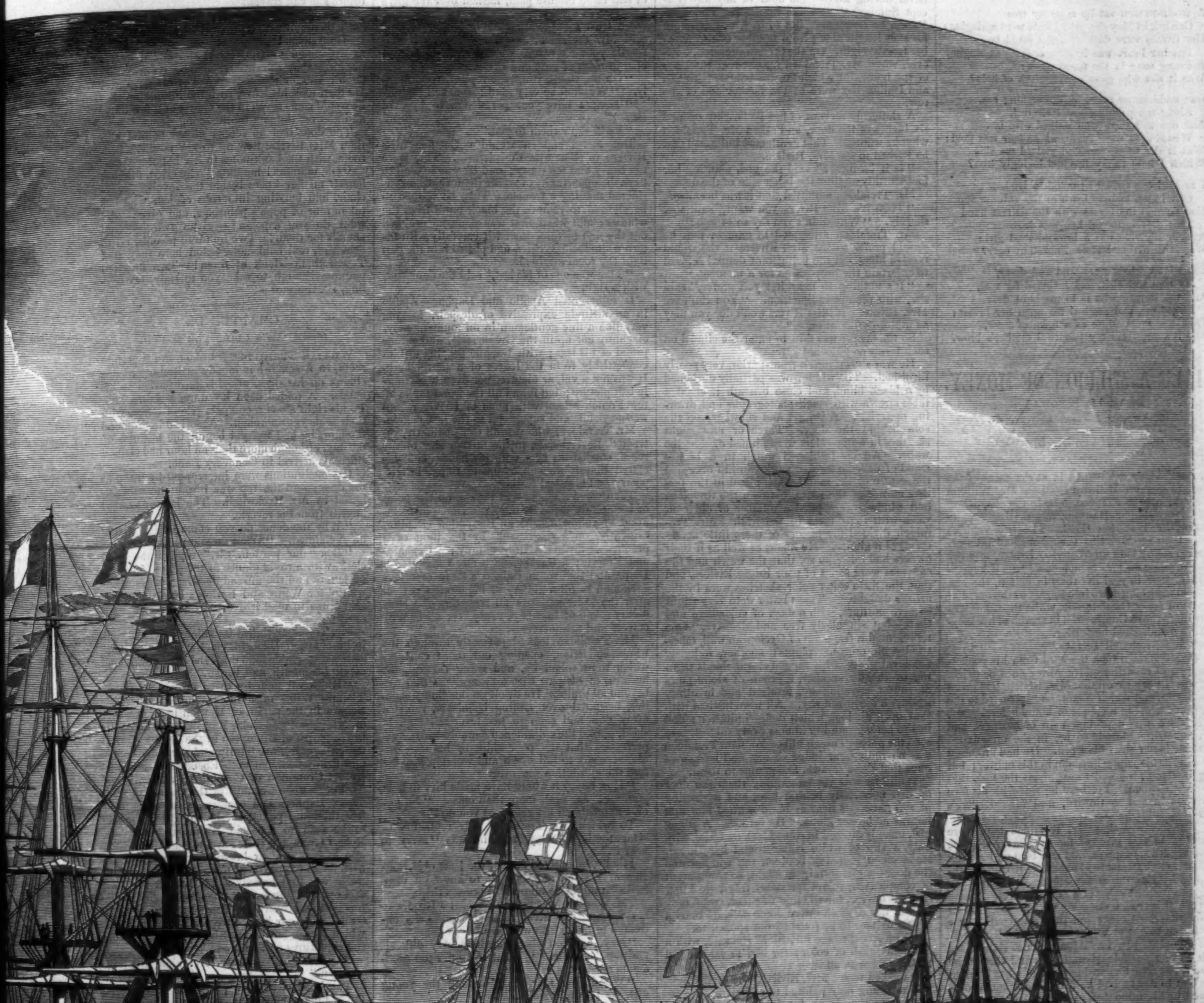
BOTANICAL.—Sydney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was proud of her flowers, and used not very accurately a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?" "No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the spring." *Septennis psoriasis* is the medical name for "seven-year itch."

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE LAST NEAT THING IN "TOILETS"—THE "GLADIATEUR."



THE INTERNATIONAL NAVAL FESTIVAL AT CHERBOURG—THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEETS FIRING



FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE EMPEROR'S FETE-DAY, August 15, 1865.—[See Page 614.]

A LOCK OF HAIR.

A WOOD-NYMPH sat by a mossy tree
One bright May-day when buds were springing;
Her tresses were dark as night could be,
But her heart was light, and she was singing
A sunny song in the forest there:
Was it she who gave me this lock of hair?

One midsummer noon, by the sighing sea,
Along the pebbly shore I strolled,
And one was there who walked with me,
Whose eyes were azure, whose hair was gold:
Was it she whose forehead yielded me this
Which I hold to my lips and lovingly kiss?

I roamed one twilight through a land
Of crimson and gold, where the autumn sun
Had painted the leaves with the deftest hand
That ever to mortal ken was known;
And by my side was a brown-haired girl:
Was it then that I stole a chestnut curl?

The winter winds were wild and drear,
My soul was sick, and I sighed for rest,
And the woman who is to me most dear
Kissed me, and soothed me upon her breast:
This tress is as white as a flake of snow,
And it came from my beautiful mother's brow.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER L.

HIGH ART.

As Saxon's cab turned in at the gates of the South Western Railway Station, Mr. William Trefalden, who chanced to be in the occupation of a very similar Hansom, was driving rapidly down the Waterloo Road. The two vehicles with their unsuspecting occupants had been almost side by side on Waterloo Bridge, and, by one of those curious coincidences which happen still oftener in real life than in fiction, the one cousin was going down into Surrey as the honored guest of Lady Castletowers, while the other was rattling over to Camberwell in search of her ladyship's disinherited half-sister.

"Six, Brudenell Terrace."

Mr. Trefalden took the card from his pocket-book, and read the address over once or twice. It was the same card that Miss Rivière had given to Saxon, and which Saxon had intrusted to the lawyer's keeping a couple of hours before. Mr. Trefalden was a prompt man of business, and was showing himself to be, in the present instance, better than his word. He had promised to act for his young kinsman in this matter; but he had not promised to set about the task that same afternoon. Yet here he was with his face already turned southward, and Miss Rivière's address in his hand.

The fact was that Mr. Trefalden took more interest in this piece of family history than he had chosen to express, and was bent on learning all that might be learned about the Rivières without an hour's unnecessary delay. No man better appreciated the value of a family secret. There might, it is true, be nothing very precious in this particular specimen; but then one could never tell what might or might not be useful hereafter. At all events Mr. Trefalden was not slow to see his way to possible advantages; and though he had asked time for consideration of what it might be best to do, he had half a dozen schemes outlined in his mind before Saxon left the office. Mr. Trefalden's plans seldom needed much elaboration. They sprang from his fertile brain like Minerva from the head of Zeus, armed at all points, and ready for the field.

Leaning back thoughtfully, then, with folded arms and a cigar in his mouth, Mr. Trefalden drove past the Obelisk and the Elephant and Castle, and plunged into the very heart of that dreary suburban district which might with much propriety be called by the general name of Transpontia. Then, dismissing his cab at a convenient point, he proceeded in search of Brudenell Terrace on foot.

Transpontia is a district beset with difficulties to the inexperienced explorer. There dust, dissent, and dullness reign supreme. The air is pervaded by a faint odor of universal brickfield. The early muffin-bell is audible at incredible hours of the day. Files of shabby-genteel tenements, and dismal slips of parched front-garden, follow and *do* resemble each other with a bewildering monotony that extends for long miles in every direction, and is only interrupted here and there by a gorgeous gin-palace, or a depressing patch of open ground, facetiously called a "green," or a "common." Of enormous extent, and dreary sameness, the topography of Transpontia is necessarily of the vaguest character.

Mr. Trefalden was, however, too good a Londoner to be greatly baffled by the intricacies of any metropolitan neighborhood. He pursued his way with a Londoner's instinct, and, after traversing a few small squares and by-streets, found himself presently in face of Brudenell Terrace.

It was a very melancholy terrace, built according to the strictest lodging-house order of architecture, elevated some four feet above the level of the street, and approached by a dilapidated flight of stone steps at each extremity. It consisted of four-and-twenty dingy, eight-roomed houses, in one or other of which, take them at what season of the year one might, there was certain to be either a sale or a removal going forward. In conjunction with the inevitable van, or piece of stair-carpeting, might also be found the equally inevitable street organ—that "most miraculous organ" which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself; and which in Transpontia hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some interesting native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-eight. On the present occasion, however, when Mr. Trefalden knocked at the door of the house for which he was bound, both van and Italian boy were at the farther end of the row.

A slatternly servant of hostile bearing opened six inches of the door, and asked Mr. Trefalden what he wanted. That gentleman intimated that he wished to see Mrs. Rivière.

"Is it business?" said the girl, planting her foot sturdily against the inner side of the door.

Mr. Trefalden admitted that it was business.

"Then it's Miss Rivers you want," said she, sharply. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

Mr. Trefalden attempted to explain that he should prefer to see Mrs. Rivière if she would receive him; but the belligerent damsel refused to entertain the proposition for a moment.

"It's nothing to me what you prefer," said she, with prompt indignation. "You can't see Mrs. Rivers. If Miss Rivers won't do, you may as well go away at once."

So the lawyer was fain to enter the citadel on such terms as he could get.

He was shown into a front-parlor, very poorly furnished. The window was partially darkened by a black blind, and close beneath it stood a table strewn with small photographs and drawing materials. A bonnet and shawl lay on the sofa behind the door. Three or four slight sketches in water-colors were pinned against the walls. An old-fashioned watch in a bronze stand of delicate foreign workmanship occupied the centre of the mantle-shelf; and in the farther corner of the room, between the fire-place and window, were piled a number of old canvases with their faces to the wall. Mr. Trefalden divined the history of these little accessories at a glance. He knew, as well as if their owners had told him so, that the watch and the canvases were relics of poor Edgar Rivière, and that the little water-color sketches were by the artist's daughter. These latter were very slight—mere outlines, with a dash of color here and there—but singularly free and decisive. One represented a fragment of Cyclopean wall, tapestried with creeping plants; another, a lonely medieval tower, with ragged storm-clouds drifting overhead; another, a group of stone pines at sunset, standing up, bronzed and bristling, against a blood-red sky. All were instinct with that open-air look which defies imitation; and in the back-ground of almost every subject were seen the purple Tuscan hills. William Trefalden was no indifferent judge of art, and he saw at once that these scrawls had genius in them.

While he was yet examining them the door opened noiselessly behind him, and a rustling of soft garments near at hand warned him that he was no longer alone. He turned. A young girl, meanly dressed in some black material, with only a slip of white collar round her throat, stood about half-way between the window and the door—a girl so fair, so slight, so transparent of complexion, so inexpressibly fragile-looking, that the lawyer, for the first moment, could only look at her as if she were some delicate marvel of art, neither to be touched nor spoken to.

"You asked to see me, Sir?" she said, with a transient flush of color; for Mr. Trefalden still looked at her in silence.

"I asked to see Mrs. Rivière," he replied.

The young lady pointed to a chair.

"My mother is an invalid," she said, "and can only be addressed through me. Will you take a seat?"

But Mr. Trefalden, instead of taking a seat, went over to the corner, where the dusty canvases were piled against the wall, and said:

"Are these some of your father's pictures?"

Her whole face became radiant at the mention of that name.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "Do you know his works?"

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before answering this question. Then, looking at her with a grave, almost a tender courtesy, he said,

"I knew his works, my dear young lady—and I knew him."

"You knew him? Oh, you knew a good man, Sir, if you knew my dear, dear father!"

"A good man," said Mr. Trefalden, "and a fine painter."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"If the world had but done him justice!" she murmured.

Mr. Trefalden thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful or so pathetic.

"The world never does justice to its finer spirits," said he, "till they have passed beyond reach of its envy or hearing of its praise. But his day of justice will come."

"Do you think so?" she said, drawing a little nearer, and looking up at him with the half-timid, half-trusting candor of a child. "Alas! I have almost given up hoping."

"Never give up hoping. There is nothing in this world so unstable as its injustice—nothing so inevitable as its law of reward and retribution. Unhappily its laurels are too often showered upon tombs."

"Did you know him in Italy?"

"No—in England."

"Perhaps you were one of his fellow-students?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"No; I am a true lover of the arts," he replied, "but no artist. I had a sincere admiration for your father's genius, Miss Rivière, and it is that admiration which brings me here today. I am anxious to know what pictures of his may still be in the possession of his family, and I should be glad to purchase some, if I might be allowed to do so."

A look of intense gladness, followed by one of still more intense pain, flashed over the girl's pale face at these words.

"I trust I have said nothing to annoy you," said Mr. Trefalden, as deferentially as if this fragile young creature were a stately princess, clad in cloth of gold and silver.

"Oh no, thank you," she replied, tremulously. "We shall be very glad to—to sell them."

"Then I have your permission to look at these?"

"I will show them to you."

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer Miss Rivière to show him the pictures. They were too heavy and too dusty; and he was so glad to have the opportunity of seeing them that he considered nothing a trouble. Then he begged to be allowed to remove the black blind from the window; and when that was done he dragged out the first picture, dusted it carefully with his own white handkerchief, and placed it in the best light the room afforded.

"That was one of his last," said the daughter, with a sigh.

It represented Apollo and Daphne—Apollo in an attitude expressive of despair, looking very like a fine gentleman in an amateur play, elegantly got up in the Greek style, and rather proud of his legs; with Daphne peeping at him coquettishly from the leaves of a laurel bush. It was not a vulgar picture, nor even a glaringly bad picture; but it had all the worst faults of the French school with none of its vigor, and was academic and superficial to the last degree.

Mr. Trefalden, who saw all this distinctly, retreated, nevertheless, to the farther side of the room, shaded his eyes with his hands, and declared that it was an exquisite thing, full of poetry and classical feeling.

Then came a Cupid and Psyche on the point of leading off a pas de deux; a Danæ in a cataract of yellow ochre; an Endymion sleeping, evidently, on a stage-bank, by the light of a practicable moon; a Holy Family; a Cephalus and Procris; a Caractacus before Claudius; a Diana and Calisto, and about a score of others—enough to fill a gallery of moderate size; all after the same pattern; all repeating the same dreary round of hackneyed subjects; all equally correct and mediocre.

Mr. Trefalden looked patiently through the whole collection, opening out those canvases which were rolled up, and going through the business of his part with a naturalness that was beyond all praise. He dwelt on imaginary beauties, hesitated over trifling blemishes, reverted every now and then to his favorites, and, in short, played the enlightened connoisseur to such perfection that the poor child by his side was almost ready to fall down and worship him before the exhibition was over.

"How happy it would have made him to hear you, Sir!" she said, more than once. "No one ever appreciated his genius as you do!"

To which Mr. Trefalden only replied with sympathetic courtesy, that he was "sorry to hear it."

Finally, he selected four of the least objectionable of the lot, and begged to know on what terms he might be allowed to possess them.

This question was referred by Miss Rivière to her mother, and Mr. Trefalden was finally entreated to name his own price.

"Nay, but you place me in a very difficult position," said he. "What if I offer too small a sum?"

"We do not fear that," replied the young girl, with a timid smile.

"You are very good; but—the fact is that I may wish to purchase several more of these paintings—perhaps the whole of them, if Mrs. Rivière should be willing to part from them."

"The whole of them!" she echoed, breathlessly.

"I can not tell at present; but it is not improbable."

Miss Rivière looked at Mr. Trefalden with awe and wonder. She began to think he must be some great collector—perhaps Rothschild himself!

"In the mean while," said he, "these being only my first acquisitions, I must keep my expenditure within a moderate limit. I should not like to offer more than two hundred pounds for these four paintings."

Two hundred pounds! It was as if a tributary of Pactolus had suddenly flowed in upon that humble front-parlor and flooded it with gold. Miss Rivière could hardly believe in the material existence of so fabulous a sum.

"I hope I do not seem to under-estimate their value," said the lawyer.

"Oh, no—indeed!"

"You will, perhaps, submit my proposition to Mrs. Rivière?"

"No, thank you—I—I am quite sure—your great liberality—"

"I beg you will call it by no such name," said Mr. Trefalden, with that little deprecatory gesture that showed his fine hand to so much advantage. "Say, if you please, my sense of justice, or, better still, my appreciation of excellence."

Here he took a little roll of bank-notes from his purse, folded, and laid them on the table.

"I trust I may be permitted to pay my respects to Mrs. Rivière when I next call," he said. "She will not, perhaps, refuse the favor of an interview to one who knew her husband in his youth."

"I am sure mamma will be most happy," faltered Miss Rivière. "She is very delicate; but I know she will make the effort, if possible. We—we are going back soon to Italy."

And her eyes, as she said this, wandered involuntarily toward the packet of notes.

"Not *very* soon, I hope? Not immediately?"

"Certainly not immediately," she replied, with a sigh. "Mamma must be much better before she can travel."

Then Mr. Trefalden made a few politely sympathetic inquiries; recommended a famous West End physician; suggested a temporary sojourn at Sydenham or Norwood; and ended by requesting that the hostile maid-servant might fetch a cab for the conveyance of his treasures. He then took his leave, with the intimation that he would come again in the course of a few days, and go over the pictures a second time.

The door had no sooner closed behind him than Miss Rivière flew up to her mother's bedroom, with the bank-notes in her hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees beside the invalid's easy-chair, and bursting into sobs of joy, "he has taken four of papa's paintings, and given—oh! what do you suppose?—given two hundred pounds for them! Two hundred pounds, all in beautiful, real bank-notes—and here they are! Touch them—look at them! Two hundred pounds—enough to take you to Italy, my darling, six times over!"

CHAPTER LI.

BRADSHAW'S GUIDE FOR MARCH.

WILLIAM TREFALDEN sat alone in his private room, in a somewhat moody attitude, with his elbows on his desk, and his face buried in his hands. A folded deed lay unread before him. To his right stood a compact pile of letters with their seals yet unbroken. Absorbed in profound thought, he had not yet begun the business of the day, although more than an hour had elapsed since his arrival in Chancery Lane.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door; and the tap was instantaneously followed by Mr. Keckwitch. The lawyer started angrily from his reverie.

"Why the deuce do you come in like that?" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Beg your pardon, Sir," replied the head clerk, with a rapid glance at the pile of unopened letters and the unread deed. "Messenger's waitin' for Willis and Barlow's bond; and you said I was to read it over to you before it went out."

Mr. Trefalden sighed impatiently, leaned back in his chair, and bade his clerk "go on;" whereat the respectable man drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and began.

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Willis of number fourteen Charlcote Square in the parish of Hoxton in the County of Middlesex and John Barlow of Oakley villa in the parish of Brompton in the county of Middlesex Esquire, are jointly and severally holden and firmly bounden unto Ebenezer Foster, and Robert Crompton of Cornhill in the parish of St. Peters upon Cornhill in the County of Middlesex Bankers and copartners in the sum of five thousand pounds of lawful British money to be paid to the said Ebenezer Foster and Robert Crompton their executors administrators and assigns or their lawful attorney and attorneys for which payment to be well and faithfully made we bind ourselves jointly and severally and our and any two or one of our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents sealed with our respective seals. Dated ...... which I have left blank, Sir, not knowing when the signatures will be made."

"Quite right," said Mr. Trefalden, dreamily. "Go on."

The head clerk then proceeded in the same thick, monotonous tone, wading on from stage to stage, from condition to condition, till he came at length to—"Then and in such case the above written bond or obligation shall become void and of no effect, or else shall remain in full force, power, and virtue;" having read which, he came to a dead pause.

And then again, for the third time, Mr. Trefalden said:

"Go on."

Mr. Keckwitch smiled, maliciously.

"That's the end of the deed, Sir," he replied. "The end of the deed!"

"Yes, Sir. It struck me that you didn't hear much of it. Shall I go through it again?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip with unconcealed annoyance.

"Certainly not," he said, sharply. "That voice of yours sends me to sleep. Leave the bond with me, and I will glance over it myself."

So saying, he snatched the paper from the hand of his clerk, pointed to the door, and compelled himself to go through the document from beginning to end.

This done, and the messenger dispatched, he dropped again into his accustomed seat, and proceeded mechanically to examine his diurnal correspondence. But only mechanically; for though he began with the top letter, holding it open with his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, there was that in his thoughts which blotted out the sense of the words as completely as if the page were blank before him.

By-and-by, after staring at it vacantly for some ten minutes or more, William Trefalden crushed the letter in his hand, flung it on the table, and, exclaiming half aloud, "Fool that I am!" pushed his chair hastily back, and began walking up and down the room.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, sometimes stopping short in his beat for a minute at a time, the lawyer continued for the best part of an hour to pace to and fro between the window and the door, thinking earnestly.

Of what? Of a woman.

He could scarcely bring himself to confess it to his own thoughts; and yet so it was—a fact not to be evaded, impossible to be ignored. William Trefalden was in love for the first time in his life; utterly, passionately in love.

Yes, for the first time. He was thirty-eight years of age, and he had never in his life known

what it was to feel as he felt now. He had never known what it was to live under the despotism of a single idea. He was not a good man. He was an unscrupulous and radically selfish man. A man of cultivated taste, cold heart, and iron will. A man who set his own gratification before him as the end for which he lived, and who was content to labor for that end as untiringly and steadfastly as other men labor for honor, or freedom, or their soul's salvation. A man who knew no law save the law of his own will, and no restraint save the restraint of his own judgment.

Up to this time he had regarded love as a taste, and looked upon women much in the same light as he looked upon fine wines, fine pictures, costly books, or valuable horses. They were one of the enjoyments of life—rather more troublesome, though perhaps not much more expensive than some other enjoyments; needing to be well-dressed, as books to be well bound, or pictures well framed; needing also, like valuable horses, to be kindly treated; but, like horses, to be held or changed at the pleasure of their owners.

Such was the theory, and such (for the secret may as well be told here as elsewhere) was the practice of William Trefalden's life. He was no gamester. He was no miser. He was no usurer. He was simply that dangerous phenomenon—a man of cold heart and warm imagination; a refined voluptuary.

And this was the secret which for long years he had guarded with such jealous care. He loved splendor, luxury, pleasure. He loved elegant surroundings, a well-appointed table, well-trained servants, music, pictures, books, fine wines, fine eyes, and fine tobacco. For these things he had toiled harder than the poorest clerk in his employ. For these things he had risked danger and disgrace; and yet now, when he held the game on which he had staked his whole life already in his hand—now, in the very moment of success—this man found that the world contained one prize to obtain which he would willingly have given all the rest—nay, without which all the rest would be no longer worth possession.

Only a girl! Only a pale, pretty, dark-haired girl, with large, timid eyes, and a soft voice, and a color that came and went fitfully when she spoke. A girl with ancient blood in her veins, and a certain childlike purity of bearing that told at the first glance how she must be neither lightly sought nor lightly won. A girl who, though she might be poor to beggary, could no more be bought like a toy than could an angel be bought from heaven.

It was surely madness for William Trefalden to love such a girl as Helen Rivière! He knew that it was madness. He had a dim feeling that it might be ruin. He struggled against it—he fought with it—he flung himself into work, but all in vain. He was no longer master of his thoughts. If he read, the page seemed to have no meaning for him; if he tried to think, his mind wandered; if he slept, that girlish face troubled his dreams, and tormented him with despair and longing. For the first time in his life he found himself the slave of a power which it was vain to resist. Well might he pace to and fro in utter restlessness of mind and body! Well might he curse his fate and his folly, and chafe against the chain that he was impotent to break! He had known strong impulses, angry passions, eager desires, often enough in the course of his undisciplined life; but never, till now, that passion or desire which was stronger than his own imperial will.

In the mean while the soul of Abel Keckwitch was disquieted within him. His quick ear caught the restless echo in the inner room, and he felt more than ever convinced that there was "something wrong somewhere." Mr. Trefalden had not opened his letters. Mr. Trefalden had not read the deed which awaited him upon his desk. Mr. Trefalden had not attended to a word of the important bond which he, Abel Keckwitch, notwithstanding his asthma, had laboriously read aloud to him from beginning to end. Nor was this all. Mr. Trefalden looked pale and anxious, like a man who had not slept the night before, and was obviously troubled in his mind. These were significant facts—facts very perplexing and tormenting; and Mr. Keckwitch sorely taxed his ingenuity to interpret them aright.

In the midst of his conjectures Mr. Trefalden, who had an appointment in the Temple for half-past twelve, came out of his private room, and, glancing round the office, said:

"Where are those paintings that I brought home the other day?"

Mr. Keckwitch tucked his pen behind his ear, and coughed before replying.

"In the cupboard behind the door, Sir," said he. "I put 'em there—to be out of sight."

Mr. Trefalden opened the cupboard door, saw that the pictures were safe within, and, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"I took them for a bad debt, but they are of no use to me. You can have them, Keckwitch, if you like."

"I, Sir!" exclaimed the head clerk, in accents of virtuous horror. "No, thank you, Sir. None of your heathen Venuses for me. I should be ashamed to see 'em on the walls."

"As you please. At all events, any one who likes to take them is welcome to do so."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden, with a slightly scornful gravity, left his clerks to settle the question of ownership among themselves, and went on his way. The pictures were, of course, had out immediately, and became the objects of a good deal of tittering, tossing up, and wit of the smallest kind. In the mean while the head clerk found a pretext for going to his master's room, and instituted a rapid search for any stray scrap of information that might turn up.

It was a forlorn hope. Mr. Keckwitch had done the same thing a hundred times before, and had never found any thing; save, now and then, a few charred ashes in the empty grate. But it was in his nature to persevere doggedly. On the present occasion he examined the papers on the table, lifted the lid of William Trefalden's desk, peered between the leaves of the blotting-book, and examined the table-drawers in which the lawyer kept his stationery. In the latter he found but one unaccustomed article—an old continental Bradshaw for the month of March.

"It wasn't there this morning," mused this amateur detective, taking up the Guide and turning it over inquisitively. "It's the same he had when he went to that place in Switzerland—page turned down and all."

And then Mr. Keckwitch uttered a suppressed exclamation, for the turned-down page was in the midst of the Italian itinerary.

"Lucca—Magadino—Mantua—Mentone—Milan."

What, in Heaven's name, could William Trefalden have to do with Lucca, Magadino, Mantua, Mentone, or Milan? How was it possible that any one of these places should be mixed up with the cause of his present restlessness and preoccupation?

The clerk was fairly puzzled. Finding, however, no further clew in any part of the volume, he returned to his desk, and applied himself to a diligent search of the financial columns of the *Times*.

He would have been still more puzzled if, at that moment he could have seen William Trefalden, with the same weary, half-impatient look upon his face, leaning over the parapet of the Temple Gardens, and staring down idly at the river. It was just one o'clock—the quietest hour of the day in nurse-maid-haunted squares—and the lawyer had the place to himself. All was still and dreamy in the old gardens. Not a leaf stirred on the trees. Not a sound disturbed the cloistered silence. The very sky was gray and uniform, unbroken by a sunbeam or a cloud. Presently a barge drifted by with the current; while far away, from crowded bridge and busy street, there rose a deep and distant hum, unlike all other sounds with which the ear of man is familiar.

It was a dreamy day and a dreamy place, and, busy man as he was, Mr. Trefalden was, to all appearance, as dreamy as either. But it is possible to be dreamy on the surface and wakeful enough beneath it, and Mr. Trefalden's dreaminess was of that outward sort alone. All moody quiet without, he was all doubt, fever, and perturbation within. Project after project, resolution after resolution, kept rising like bubbles to the troubled surface of his thoughts—rising, breaking, vanishing, and giving place to others. Thus an hour went by, and Mr. Trefalden, hearing the church clocks strike two, roused himself with the air of a man whose course is resolved upon, and went out through Temple Bar, into the Strand. His course was resolved upon. He had made up his mind never to see Helen Rivière again; and yet—

And yet, before he had reached the gates of Somerset House he had hailed a cab, and desired the driver to take him to Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.

In the mean while Mr. Keckwitch, who had been anxiously studying the closing prices of all sorts of Italian Railway, Banking, Telegraphic and Land Companies' Stock, believed that he had found the key to his employer's trouble when he read that the Great Milanese Loan and Finance Company's Six per Cent Bonds were down to sixteen and a half in the official list.

STORY OF THE FERRY-MAN'S DAUGHTER.

In the British Museum is a singularly curious, although probably fabulous, tract of 30 pages, entitled "The True History of the Life and sudden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-man of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness. And of his daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." The History opens as follows: "Before there was any Bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a Ferry, to which divers boats belonged, to transport all Passengers betwixt Southwark and Church-yard Alley, that being the high-road way betwixt Middlesex and Sussex and London. The Ferry was rented of the City, by one John Overs, which he enjoyed for many years together, to his great profit; for it is to be imagined that no small benefit could arise from the ferrying over footmen, horsemen, all manner of cattle, all market folks that came with provisions to the City, strangers and others."

Overs, however, though he kept several servants and apprentices, was of so covetous a soul, that notwithstanding he possessed an estate equal to that of the best Alderman in London, acquired by unceasing labor, frugality, and usury, yet his habit and dwelling were both strangely expressive of the most miserable poverty. He had an only daughter, "of a beautiful aspect," says the tract, "and a pious disposition; whom he had care to see well and liberally educated, though at the cheapest rate; and yet so, that when she grew ripe and mature for marriage, he would suffer no man of what condition or quality soever, by his goodwill, to have any sight of her, much less access to her." A young gallant, however, who seems to have thought more of being the Ferry-man's heir than his son-in-law, took the opportunity, while he was engaged at the Ferry, to be admitted into her company. "The first interview," says the story, "pleased well; the second better; the third concluded the match between them."

"In all this long interim, the poor silly rich old Ferry-man, not dreaming of any such passages, but thinking all things to be as secure by land as he knew they were by water," continued his former wretched and penurious course of life. To save the expense of one day's food in his family he formed a scheme to feign himself dead for twenty-four hours, in the vain expectation that his servants would, out of propriety, fast until after his funeral. Having procured his daughter to consent to this plot, even against her better nature, he was put into a sheet, and stretched out in his chamber, having one taper burning at his head and another at his feet, according to the custom of the time. When, however, his servants were informed of his decease, instead of lamenting they were overjoyed, and, having danced round the body, they broke open his larder and fell to banqueting. The Ferry-man bore all this as long and as much like a dead man as he was able; "but when he could endure it no longer," says the tract, "stirring and struggling in his sheet, like a ghost with a candle in each hand, he purposed to rise up, and rate 'em for their sauciness and boldness; when one of them thinking that the Devil was about to rise in his likeness, being in a great amaze, catched hold of the but-end of a broken oar, which was in the chamber, and being a sturdy knave, thinking to kill the Devil at the first blow, actually struck out his brains." It is added that the servant was acquitted, and the Ferry-man made accessary and cause of his own death.

The estate of Overs then fell to his daughter, and her lover hearing of it hastened up from the country; but in riding post his horse stumbled, and he broke his neck on the highway. The young heiress was almost distracted at these events, and was recalled to her faculties only by having to provide for her father's interment; for he was not permitted to have a Christian burial, being considered as an excommunicated man on account of his extortion, usury, and truly miserable life. The Friars of Bermondsey Abbey were, however, prevailed upon by money, their Abbot being then away, to give a little earth to the remains of the wretched Ferry-man. But upon the Abbot's return, observing a grave which had been recently covered in, and learning who lay there, he was not only angry with his Monks for having done such an injury to the Church for the sake of gain, but he also had the body taken up again, laid on the back of his own ass, and turning the animal out of the Abbey gates, desired of God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass proceeded with a gentle and solemn pace through Kent Street, and along the highway to the small pond once called St. Thomas a Waterings, then the common place of execution, and shook off the Ferry-man's body directly under the gibbet, where it was put into the ground without any kind of ceremony.

Mary Overs, extremely distressed by such a battalion of sorrows, and desirous to be free from the importunities of the numerous suitors for her hand and fortune, resolved to retire into a cloister, which she shortly afterward did, having first provided for the building of that church which commemorates her name.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Childhood.—Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labors for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustaches, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a bawling infant, who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality, and unite hearts which time had divided.

Praying for Husbands.—A very curious legend was told by the Rev. C. W. Bingham to that portion of the party which, at the recent meeting of the Archæological Institute in Dorset, England, was fortunate in visiting the little Norman chapel of St. Catherine, at Milton Abbey. The legend was, that on a certain day in the year the young women of Abbotsbury used to go up to St. Catherine's Chapel, where they made use of the following prayer: "A husband, St. Catherine; a handsome one, St. Catherine; a rich one, St. Catherine; a nice one, St. Catherine; and soon, St. Catherine." Mr. Beresford Hope, who at these gatherings is always equal to any emergency, modestly proposed that all gentlemen and married ladies should retire from the church, so as to afford the young ladies present the opportunity of using so desirable a prayer.

Some idea of the terrible havoc of war may be gained from the following figures: In the desperate encounter at Chickamauga. Rosecrans lost 16,851 men, and at Murfreesborough 12,085; at Pittsburg Landing Grant lost 13,573, at Vicksburg 9875, and at Mission Ridge 7000; at Gaines's Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Glendale, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill M'Clellan lost 70,000, and at Antietam 11,426; Hooker lost in his campaign in the Wilderness 20,000; Burnside at Fredericksburg 12,000; and Grant's united losses, from the time of crossing the Rapidan, in his final campaign, to surrender of Lee, are computed at 90,000.

Ching and Chang.—There were two short-sighted men who were always quarreling as to which of them could see best; and as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighboring temple they determined they would visit it together on a given day and put the visual powers of each to the test. But each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and looking quite close to the tablet saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and the future," read from smaller characters, "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man." On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'" "True," said Chang, "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read but you can not, and which is written in small characters: 'Erected by the family of Ling in honor of the great man.'" "There is no such inscription," said Ching. "There is," said Chang. So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high-priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

A Good Joke on General Sherman.—While marching through Georgia General Sherman traveled with the left wing, under General Slocum. After a long and wearisome march, he one day crossed over to the right wing under General Howard. While in General Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Medical Director came in, well acquainted with the habits and customs of both.—General Sherman sometimes took a "glass," while General Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this the medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offense to Howard, said:

"General Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent I will give you a Seidlitz Powder, which I think will do you good."

"Thank you," readily responded "Tecumseh," "I think I will."

The man of physic departed, and General Howard, who took every thing literally, ran to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman:

"There is no need to go away for one, if that is what you want," he said, and Sherman, inwardly chagrined, but highly amused, drank the cup manfully, to the mirth of several by-standers, who comprehended the whole magnitude of the joke at a glance.

The Jewish Race.—For eighteen hundred years the Hebrews have been dispersed into different latitudes and climates, and they have preserved themselves most distinct from any intermixture with the other races of mankind. There are some Jews still lingering in the valleys of the Jordan, having been oppressed by the successive conquerors of Syria for ages—a low race of people, and described by trust-worthy travelers as being black as any of the Ethiopian races. Others of the Jewish people, participating in European civilization, and dwelling in the northern nations, show instances of the light complexion—the blue eyes and the light hair of the Scandinavian families. We see then how to account for the differences in color, without having to refer them to original or specific distinction.

The number of battles fought during the last war was two hundred and fifty-two. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood of eighty-nine; Tennessee witnessed thirty-seven, Missouri thirty-five, Georgia twelve, South Carolina ten, North Carolina eleven, Alabama seven, Florida five, Kentucky fourteen, the Indian Territory and New Mexico one each. Once the wave of war rolled into a Northern State and broke in the great billow of Gettysburg. Of the battles enumerated sixteen were naval engagements.

A Balloon Duel.—Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1803. It was peculiarly French in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. Le Grampre and M. Le Pique had a quarrel, arising out of jealousy concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight a duel to settle their respective claims, and, in order that the heat of angry passions should not interfere with the polished elegance of the proceeding, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her smiles on the survivor of the two, if the other was killed; or, at all events, this was inferred by the two men, if not actually expressed. The duelists were fighting in the air. Two balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the day denoted Le Grampre and his second entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second that of the other. It was in the Garden of the Tuileries, amidst the immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were to fire, not at each other, but at each other's balloons, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas, and, as pistols might hardly have served the purpose, each aeronaut took a blunderbuss in his car. At a given signal the ropes that retained the cars were cut, and the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance of eighty yards apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth a preconcerted signal for firing was given. M. Le Pique fired, but missed. M. Le Grampre fired and sent a ball through M. Le Pique's balloon. The balloon collapsed, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and M. Le Pique and his second were dashed to pieces. Le Grampre continued his ascent triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

The Cholera.—The Commercial *Advertiser* says the cholera was long a familiar pestilence in the marshes of the Ganges, and, in 1764, destroyed 30,000 lives in upper Hindostan. It began its march around the world in 1817, when, overleaping its customary limits, it appeared in Calcutta, extending thence to Naples in the North, and Ceylon and Madras in the South. In 1820 Bombay was invaded, and 150,000 lives were taken. In 1821 the pestilence, following up the navigable rivers and the traveled roads, appeared in Persia and Asia Minor. Here it halted for a time. In 1829 it appeared in Southern Russia, and the next year at Moscow. In 1831 it broke out in Central Europe, and in January, 1832, it was in Great Britain. On the 8th of June it appeared in Quebec, and thirteen days later in New York. Thence it spread over all the country, first appearing along the great lines of travel. In 1834 the cholera revisited the United States, and since that time it has often made its appearance here. In 1849 this disease came to this country as part of a grand tour of the world, similar to that noted above. Its ravages were less fearful than in 1832, and the disease was every where more manageable. For several successive years the cholera appeared here and there in the country, becoming in some places almost an acclimated disease.

There are few transformations in the whole range of the arts more striking and more beautiful than that which gives birth to glass. A heap of sand and soda—it used to be of sand and ashes—to look at like common road dust, is changed by the simple application of heat into solid, transparent, brilliant glass. It is even more wonderful than the transformation of a handful of dirty rags into a sheet of white note-paper.

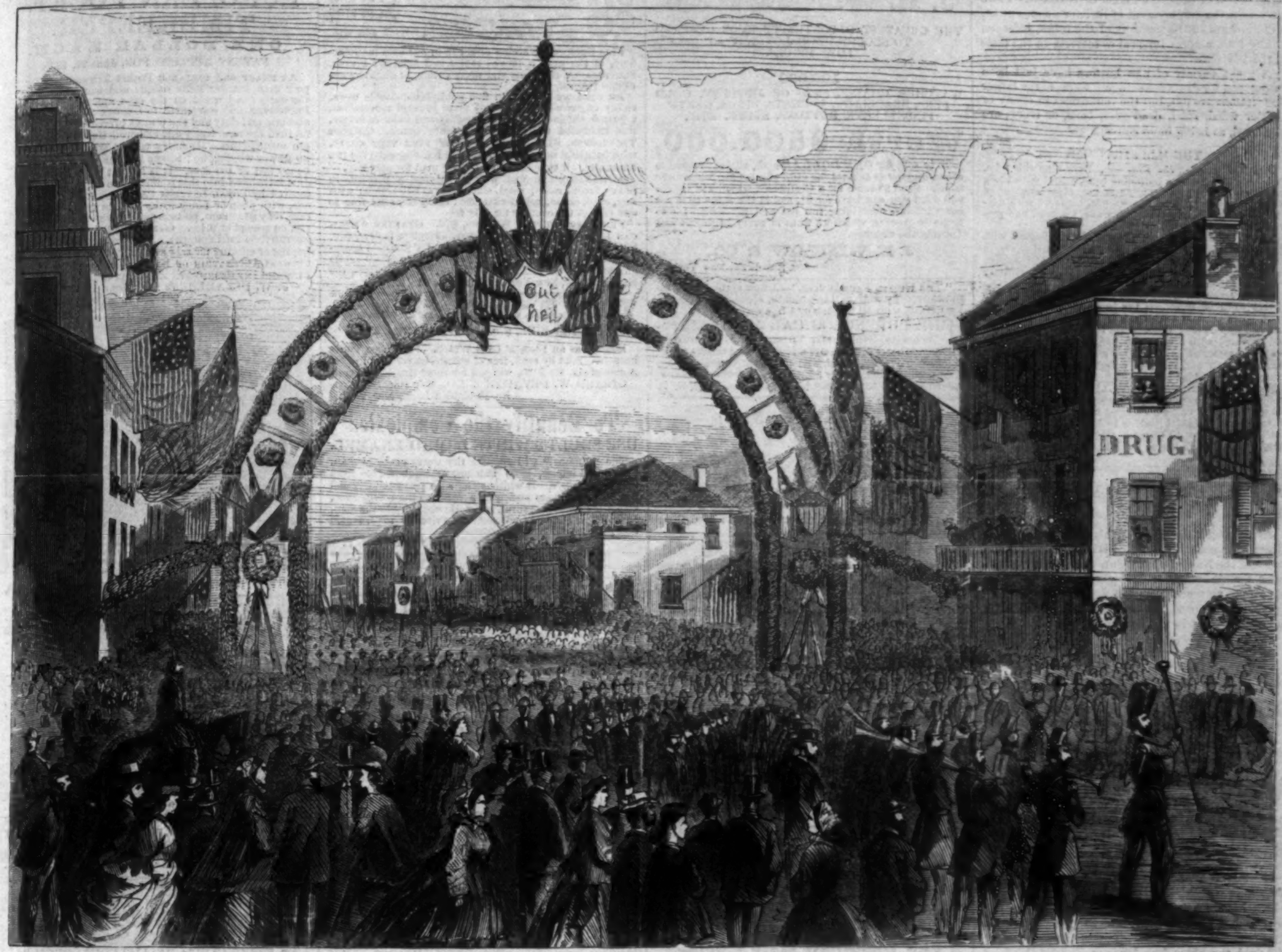
In Austria and some other parts of Germany the custom is to dance without introduction, and the practice has some advantages. The ladies most certainly like it, and I have often heard them defend it on the plea that "people went to balls to dance, and not to be introduced to somebody they perhaps did not want to know"—as in Prussia, where a ballroom introduction is considered valid, and the gentleman who omitted to bow to his partner on meeting her afterward would be put down as uncommonly rude. Austrian women are pleasant partners, not only on account of their dancing, which is celebrated, but for their agreeable and lively conversation; quick at retort and sharp repartee, they are nevertheless perfectly well-bred, and have that free and natural manner which is the best security against any unfair use of an unconstrained intercourse between young people.

Love of Married Life.—The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character, but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What! because a man has ceased to "sigh like a furnace," we are to believe that the fire is extinct; it burns with a steady flame, shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

A Bold Grenadier.—The father of Frederick the Great, a half-crazy old bear, was famous for crimping all the tall men he could lay his hands upon for his famous regiments of giant grenadiers. He usually married his grenadiers to very large women, but was disappointed in his attempt to raise giants, the experiment not working as well as crossing the different breeds of Shanghais. His mammoth grenadiers, after the fashion of their day, wore long pendent pig-tails, or queues. They were ordered to be cut off, and all obeyed save one obstinate veteran, who flourished his grizzled pig-tail in open defiance of the ukase. "Cut off your pig-tail, or I shall order you to be shot!" roared the King of Prussia one evening after drill. "Sire, I prefer to be shot," replied the stout grenadier. And shot to death he was by a platoon of his brother giants, although his dying request that he should be buried face down, with the rebellious pig-tail sticking through a hole in his coffin, was respected. The pig-tail triumphed over death.

War.—"What are you thinking of, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and, after saluting his general, answered, "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired 600 rounds of ball that day.

THE TURNER FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1865.—EXERCISES AT PARKER'S GROVE.—SKETCHED BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE TURNER FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, September 4, 1865—THE PROCESSION.—Sketched by H. F. Farny.—[See First Page.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Something like a tendency to return to modes of a more simple description characterizes the Paris fashions for the month of September. Whether this gratifying symptom be owing to the severe castigation of the eccentricities and extravagance of ladies' toilets inflicted by M. Dupin (who has been vigorously seconded by many of the French journalists), or to the absence of the Court and aristocracy from Paris, is a question that can only be resolved after the return of the high-life folks to their habitual quarters. Whatever may be the solution, it is to be remarked at this season that the dresses at least have returned to a style of simplicity that can not fail to be approved by the paymas-

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865.

ters-general of the dress-maker department. Plain materials, the employment of little or no ornament, a diminution in the *ampleur* of the robes, indicate, at any rate, a short interval of sobriety in the taste of the Parisians.

A great variety of new buttons have just been introduced for dress fastenings. Some of the larger descriptions are flat, but the round ones in ebony or lighter wood, steel, dead gold, bone, or ivory, are preferred, as being more convenient.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—Dark-blue silk robe, fastened behind with a buttoning band, edged with black velvet and white lace. The short vest is ornamented in a similar manner. Fine Tuscan hat, bordered with narrow black velvet, trimmed with white feathers, and provided with a white gauze veil.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—Costume of drab foulard with dark gray stripes; the ornaments on the paletot are in green passementerie. Small pink crape bonnet and strings; the copious gauzed veil now à la mode almost entirely concealing the chapeau.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Carriage Promenade.*—The whole of this costume, including the jupon, is in pale orange linos. The skirt is drawn up, and attached with pattes fastened by buttons; the corsage is round, high-necked, and provided with a wide waistband. Small paletot, of the same material as the dress, and without any ornament. Tuscan hat, trimmed on one side with a tuft of corn; long light-blue gauze veil.

Fig. 4. *Dress for a Little Girl.*—Pale buff poplin frock, trimmed round the undulating edge of the skirt and round the outline of the vest with striped magenta velvet. The ornament on the skirt itself is in black satin. Chapeau estelle, decorated with magenta ribbons and a garland of marguérites. High-heeled black kid boots.

THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN."

Although there has, at this writing, been no direct issue made between the *Winooski*, the double-ender of the Navy Department, and Mr. Dickerson's double-ender, the *Algonquin*, yet in some important respects both vessels have tested their comparative power. The *Algonquin* showed the following results in the unofficial trial:

Revolutions per minute	10
Pressure of steam in pounds	66
Vacuum in inches	24
Cutting off at about	6 inches
Throttle-valve	wide open

The *Winooski's* engine gave the following results:

Revolutions per minute	12
Pressure of steam in pounds	30
Vacuum in inches	24
Cutting off at	6-10 of stroke
Throttle-valve	wide open

Consumption of coal about 400 pounds per hour.

Certainly, from the results above given, the contest as regards maximum power was likely to prove a losing one for the *Algonquin*.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

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40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women,
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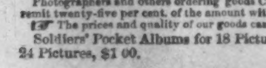
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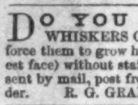
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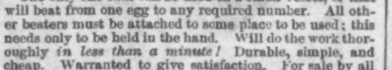
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CONTENTS:

DOWN IN THE CINNABAR MINES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Reduction Works.—Entrance to Principal Mine.—The Cross Hill.—S. F. Butterworth.—Preparing the Flasks.—Residence of the General Agent.—Storehouse on the Hill.—Town on the Hill.—The Metal Pickers.—Side of the Mine Peak.—Ranch of the Chief Engineer.—Hoisting-Chamber.—Francisco Velasquez Chamber.—Pillars of Hercules.—Firing up.—Charging the Furnaces.—Sluicing old Furnace Beds.—Discharging Furnaces.
VISIT TO THE ISLE OF THE PURITANS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—First Glimpse of the Island.—On the Island.—In the Stocks.—An Application.—Punch Punner's Return.—A Peppergrass Punished.—Major Slick Detected.
WHITE WINGS.
SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sherman and his Generals.—Allatoona Pass.—Atlanta in Ruins.—Corduroying.—"Bill Sherman" and "Pete Beauregard."—Treasure Seekers.—Fort M'Allister.—The "Bummer."—The Army Mule.—Columbia on Fire.—Refugee Train.—Headquarters of General Sherman in the Pine Woods.—Conference between Sherman and Johnston.
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IN THE STEERAGE.
OOLIE.
SEEING NAPLES.
JEFFERSON DAVIS.
MY BURGLAR.
ON THE SHORE.
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BOOK THE FOURTH.
CHAPTER III. The Brink of Discovery.
CHAPTER IV. Allan at Bay.
ILLUSTRATION.—The Tempting Moment.
THE RAISING OF THE FRIGATES.
FIGHTING JOE HOOKER.
With a Portrait.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS.
BOOK THE FOURTH.
CHAPTER V. Concerning the Mendicant's Bride.
CHAPTER VI. A Cry for Help.
CHAPTER VII. Better to be Abel than Cain.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Parting by the River.—Better to be Abel than Cain.
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